The All Round the World War Cry

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

REGISTERED JUNE 1885

VOL. IV. No. 200. TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 25TH, 1888. PRICE 5 CENTS.

Providence and Trust.

"Sheltered beneath the Almighty wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Thou neither sun nor moon shalt thee,
By day or night molest.
In loss, or dead, in peace or war,
The God shall thee defend,
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end."

Whilst the Providence of God is common to all His creatures, and whilst it is beneath the sun to shine on the evil and the good, there is a good deal no doubt many instances occur in secred and profane history where the protecting care of the common Father has been specially exercised on behalf of His own obedient children; and it is not difficult to trace in many instances the hand of God overshadowing in a marvellous manner the life and lot of those for whom He has prepared a special work to do and destiny, and who possessing that spirit of obedience and submission necessary to the fulfilment of the Divine purposes.

No case perhaps in this form clearly manifested than in the career of the Sweet Singer of Israel, and those who study the history of David, more especially in its earlier times, cannot but be struck by the many ways in which the Hand of the Lord overshadowing him was signally displayed. Whether it was from the prowess of the defiant Philistine, or from the fury of the jealous Saul, or from the machinations of Absalom and the band of conspirators, it was evidently true of David that no weapon formed against him could prosper, and it was from a than full of blessed experiences that welled forth the song—

"Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty

"I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope and my strongehold; my God, in Him will I trust.

"For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter; and from the noisome pestilence.

"He shall defend thee under His wings, and thou shalt be safe under His feathers; His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

"A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

"I will set him up because he hath known my name."

And as the facts of this marvellous protection are easily understood, neither is it hard to find out the reason of them. That the Lord protected David is clear, and the reason of it was clearly apparent "Because he trusted in Him," and in common with all God's children, he had ample reason to exclaim, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

Once in our experience we heard in an old world fishing-village a company singing the grand old psalm that prefaces this present writing. They were not specially comfortable, prosperous folks, who had no sorrows, and lived safe from all dangers, and therefore knew that God protected them from all ill! There was hardly a man of them but knew that he carried his life in his hand from year to year, that any day might see him a corpse drowned at sea. Hardly a woman but had lost a husband, a father, a brother or a kinsman—drowned at sea; and yet they believed God preserved them. They earned an uncertain livelihood on a dangerous, rocky coast. A sudden shift of the wind might make, as it once made, sixty widows and orphans in a single night. The fishing, of a year might fail, and all the expense of boats and nets be thrown away. Or in default of work at home the young men would go on voyages to foreign lands, often never coming back again, dying far from home of fever, or of wreck, or of some of the hundred accidents that befal seafaring men. Yet they believed that God preserved them. But as surely as their faith failed not, they dare not let it fail. If they ceased to trust God, what had they to trust in? Not in their skill in seamanship, though it was great; they knew better than any how weak it was to lean on. Not in the so-called laws of nature; the treacherous sea, the wild wind, the uncertain shoals of fish, the chances and changes of a seaman's life. Without trust in God their lives must have been lives of doubt and of terror, for ever anxious about to-morrow; or else of blind recklessness, saying, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." But because they kept their faith in God their lives were, for the most part, lives of hardy and hopeful enterprise; cheerful always in bad times or good, thankful when their labours were blessed with success, and when calamity or failure came, saying with noble resignation, "I have received good from the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil? Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

It is life like this, mixed with danger and uncertainty, which most calls out faith in God. It is the life of safety and comfort, in which our wants are all supplied ready to our hand, that calls it out the least. And therefore it is that life in cities, just because it is most safe and most comfortable, is so often, alas, most ungodly—at least amongst men. Less common is this ungodliness amongst women. The nursing of the sick, the care of the family, often too sorrowe manifold and bitter, put them continually in mind of human weakness, and of their own weakness likewise. In sorrow, sorrow and failure, which forces men to believe there is One who heareth prayer, forces them to lift up their eyes to One from whom cometh their help. Before the terrible realities of danger—death, bereavement, disappointment, shame, ruin, and most of all before deserved shame, deserved ruin—all the arguments of the conceited sophist melt away like the maxims of the comfortable worldlings; and the man or woman who was but too ready to say, "Tush, God will never see, and will never hear," begins to hope passionately that God does see, that God does hear. In the hour of darkness, when there is no comfort in man nor help in man, when he has no place to flee unto, and no man careth for his soul, then the most awful, the most blessed of all questions is: But is there no one higher than man who cares for my soul, and for the souls of those who are dearer to me than my own soul? No Friend? No Helper? No Deliverer? No Counsellor? Even no Judge? No Punisher? No God, even though He be a consuming fire? And I and my misery alone together in this universe? Is my misery without any meaning and I without any hope? If there be no God, all that is left for me is despair and death. But if there is, then I can hope that there is meaning in my misery, that it comes to me not without cause, even though that cause be my own fault. I can plead with God and ask—What is the meaning of this sorrow? A man can gain courage to say this only, in our belief, by the Spirit of God. But when once he has said it he begins to be justified by faith. For he has had faith in God; he has trusted God enough to speak to God who made him, and so he has put himself so far as he can into his right and just place as a spiritual and rational being made in the image of God.

DELIVERED!

"And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.

The Great Camp Meetings in Kingsville.

CAPT. B. GOODALL.

Excitement had ran high in the neighborhood of Kingsville. Everybody was on the *qui vive* of expectation, looking forward to the great meetings. So we were not a bit surprised to find a large crowd awaiting us, at the corner of the Main street as we marched up it singing "What never ran away?" Some who had "slackened off" must have felt their position very much. The open-air was a grand beginning for our meetings, for we had a regular rousing time. The Gospel guns were well supplied with amunition, and poured red hot shot right and left into the enemy's ranks, and must have taken effect.

As we sang softly on our knees before going to the hall, the power of God seemed to take hold of everyone.

Not a large crowd in the hall, but we went in for a good Holiness meeting. Some very definite talking was done. The possibility of enjoying holiness and living holy was set forth by those who spoke. Capt. Slote showed us the difference between possession and profession. Brother W., a Methodist, said he knew all about what taking the roots out meant, for he well remembered the time when the very last root was taken out of his soul. Just at this juncture the renowned Doctor Logan came in, travel-stained and dusty. We were all pleased to see him, and I believe salvation is making him better looking every day. He, with many others, gave their testimonies, especially one I noticed, that of an officer. She said, "I am glad that the Lord took nothing and made something out of me." Adjutant Read read the lesson on the line of separation, showing how in every way it was impossible to be equally yoked together with unbelievers.

As early as five o'clock on Sunday morning loads of soldiers came in from Windsor, Tilbury, Comber and other places, so as to be in real good time for the knee-drill, and as all came with expectant hearts God took hold of them, and gave each one just the blessing they needed. Not many minutes after the prayer meeting was over, a dear backslidden brother knelt at a tree log and from the depth of his soul cried out, "Receive me back, Lord." Of course God did receive and set His seal upon him, and his face shone with love and joy throughout the remainder of the camp meetings.

A great crowd attended the morning Holiness meeting, and many were the testimonies given as to God's power to save to the very utmost. Three souls found God at the close of this meeting. One was a dear sister from Woodslee, who had wept and sobbed during the meeting, and ultimately was led to the Cross by her sister.

Sunday afternoon meeting started off with a swing. From early morning loads of people had been flocking in from all directions, so that by the time the march came back, after making the bush ring with their songs, a great crowd was gathered together. Platform, seats, and every available space was packed with those whose interest in the cause and curiosity had brought from a long distance. The very best of order prevailed. Every eye seemed to be rivetted on the platform of happy faces. One after another jumped up to tell out of full hearts that there was power in the blood to save and to cleanse all classes of sinners. Prominent among these was the "Dresden Bum," who sang his own experience in song, with the old chorus—

"I'm a soldier in the Salvation band."

It seemed so strange that in such a meeting where there were lots of sinners weeping, that no one should yield to the claims of God, but some one made a very trite remark and it was too true, that "the devil was right at the people's elbow" causing them to harden their hearts to all the loving entreaties of God's children.

If the people of Kingsville go to hell and are lost forever it will be their own fault, for they cannot rise up in the day of judgment and say that the Army never warned them faithfully; for if ever a people were dealt with for eternity they were, both in the open air and inside meetings in the town Hall. Although some seemed careless and godless there was a work done that eternity alone will reveal. Capts. Hind, Cass, Hough, Cowan, Irvine and others talked very faithfully. Capt. Jones read the lesson, the power of God came on the meeting, and, thank God, two precious backsliders returned to God. Hallelujah! may God convert the hundreds who left the building unsaved.

So far, said a gentleman to me, after the Monday afternoon meeting was over, this meeting has been the best of all. Yes; from the very commencement the Adjutant asked all to fix their eyes on the bleeding Lamb whose lovely form was bruised on Calvary for us. Said the Adjutant: "Comrades, shut your eyes and sing;

"'I see Thee bear Thy cross alone,
No one to help Thee in the throng;
Those very men who at Thee groan
Received Thee with hosanna's song,
And now they spit into Thy face,
Despise and mock Thy kindly grace.'"

Capt. Goodall gave out the second song, after which the Adjutant followed with the lesson, and a most appropriate one it was too, many were led to enquire, "Am I like the barren fig tree, am I dead or alive?"

Thank God, many in that meeting were all alive, among the number being Capt. Fielder, who said her spiritual appetite was increasing all the time. Continuing, she said, "Those who do not work cannot eat. The more we work the greater our appetite becomes, and the more able are we to feed those around us." She hoped and prayed that the Lord would enable us to break the Bread of Life and to feed the sinners, for there was plenty of spiritual power to be got from Heaven.

The "Dresden Bum" said he did not want to get to heaven by the skin of his teeth but wanted to go in jumping with joy.

Doctor Logan said in trying to illustrate the narrow way, "My two little boys started to walk across the field in a straight line when the snow was on the ground. One walked straight because he looked at a tree in front of him, the other's track was crooked because he took no notice where he was going. Thank God my eyes are fixed on Calvary where my Saviour died, and I am bound to go straight. I don't drink, or swear, or curse, or cheat my neighbors now, oh, no, thank God, I have a full salvation" (what an example for white people). Continuing Logan said, "You ought to be very thankful that Indian stand before you and point you to Jesus and tell you I am converted. I used to be afraid to speak before white people, I didn't know how to begin or what to say, but now I can say, 'I am saved, hallelujah!'" and with that the tears rolled down Logan's cheeks. God bless him! It moved many to tears.

It is no wonder that another three souls were found at the old stool crying out, "What must I do to be saved?"

The final open-air was held on the street corner in the village. The devil's tools began to throw apples, etc., thinking to scare us, but soon God took hold of the godless, careless crowd who stood around the ring. The crowd stood motionless as one officer after another poured the truth upon them. It was after eleven o'clock ere the meeting finished and many, I am confident, will date their conversion from that meeting. The object for which we had these camp meetings was achieved; souls were saved, soldiers blessed, Christians aroused, and God was indeed glorified.

It is not enough when you have been guilty of a sin "merely to wet it with a tear and breathe upon it with a sigh," and then go and do the same again. Unless a man has, at least, so far conquered sin that sin has ceased to have the dominion over him; until his reason and his conscience, not his pride or his lusts, have the upper hand in the governance of his life—he cannot be saved. A man who is wholly mastered by, who is entirely helpless against, the perpetual recurrence of a besetting sin, is in a state of sin; and, "be not deceived," a state of sin is not and cannot be the same thing as a state of grace.

OPENING OF HILLSBORO' BARRACKS.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

I never believe missing a good opportunity of seeing how the Army is getting on. So having heard that at last Hillsboro' was going to open their barracks I thought I would take a trip. So I said to the old woman I must go down and see what kind of a place it was, as I heard the Captain and Cadet had built it themselves, and people generally say Salvationists are lazy.

I arrived just in time to find them on their knees and heard them singing, "Draw me nearer." The service were led by a man as they call a D.O., though what that means some folks don't understand. But to get back to my story it was just a fine little place, though how those two boys put up such a place as that is more than I can tell, but the Lord always helps those who help themselves. The meetings were very nice. On Sunday I thought the best thing would be to commence the day good, so I got there in good time. By-and-bye came the D. O. without his hat, but hat or no hat God was there. I got a bumping big blessing and felt it was good to be there. All day Sunday the meetings were grand, especially the night, when three precious souls wept their way to the Cross.

Monday operations commenced early, food and flowers coming in from all directions. By-and-bye the little village seemed alive with Salvation folks; they were reinforced by officers from Moncton, Sackville and surrounding stations. The banquet commenced at five and there was plenty of good things—enough and to spare; everybody seemed to get enough. Even my old woman who had to come down on Monday to see how I was making out.

At 8 p. m. the streets were alive with people to see the Army march along. By-and-bye the strains of music reach our ear and away they go back to the hall the place was packed. The hymn was given out, "Come shout and sing," and oh, my, they did not forget to shout. Cadet, Hunter and Lieut. White led in prayer, the D. C. sang afterwards. Capt. Willis and Lieut. Mitchell sang accompanied by the guitar. The meeting was thrown open for testimonies when one after another a s: to tell of God's power to save; short addresses were given by the different officers and the proceedings closed with prayer. And me and the old women went home thanking God for the Army and realizing more than ever that as Hillisboro barracks was consecrated for God, so should our lives be more than ever His.

MY GOD!

Lines from amongst the Tent Pegs in Toronto's Great Camp.

"Our lives have fallen in pleasant places."

The God who made the balmy woods,
The ground, the grass, the rains and floods,
The storms, the winds, the thunderbolts,
With lightening flash and sudden jolts,
And thundering war, so mighty free,
This is my God - He's good to me.

He made the clouds, the azure sky,
The horizon, where clouds roll by;
He made the space beyond the skies,
Studded with stars with twinkling eyes.
He touched the heavens, east, west, south, north,
Comets and sun came blazing forth.
He wrote His name in fire up there,
Who can I to my God compare?
Ninety-five million miles away,
The sun shines forth, gives light by day.
Beyond that still are stars and suns,
On axis, in orbit, each one runs.
Space, boundless, infinite, expanse,
He fills it all Can this be chance?

He made the heaven of heavens above,
Centre of th' universe of love;
Angelic joy there climax finds,
Where death is not, or blinding winds.
Eternal groves, evergreen trees,
Rivers of life, Elysian seas,
Glorious, abundant land of light,
Where seraphs flit on pinions bright;
Where saints, the blood-washed all in white,
Bask eternally in God's sight.
God's home in glory, this to me,
I'll have no other God but Thee.

He who made the suns to shine,
He is my God oh! Father mine!
Who gave His son—propitiate Lamb
To die for me—This God's I am;
Bought with a price—not earthly gold,
Life's not so meanly bought or sold;
Blood, royal, precious, pure and free,
Not less than this atones for me.
Glorious peace, untrammelled joy,
Treasured in this without alloy.
Eternal happiness, no more I need,
This is sufficiency indeed.
My God brought this about for me,
I'll [illegible] Him through eternity.

WELSH MINSTREL.

Odds and Ends from the Chatham Division.

ADJUTANT READ.

"There is nothing half, so we'll keep all that which God keeps." So said Comrade Jim Calhoun in his testimony after I had dedicated his boy-warrior a few days ago at Ridgetown to God and the Salvation Army. Officers, soldiers, it is true. Have you presented your bodies a living sacrifice unto the Lord?

* * *

"Captain, don't come and talk to me about my soul, I don't want you here, get away," said a young girl dressed in all the latest fashions of the world. At the close of the meeting she was found crying to God for deliverance from sin. Praise God forever.

* * *

Some of the officers were driving along the road to a jubilee. A man drove up in a buggy and one of the officers shouted out to him, "Are you saved from sin?" The following was his answer: "Well, look here, I really do believe in you people, but what gets over me is this: I know lots of so-called Christians who go on sinning and repenting and they are no better than I am. When I get saved I want the Lord to do a proper work in my soul." What a stinger to half-heartedness was this sinner's reply. Everybody take it home.

* * *

Here is a strange testimony from a soldier in B——. "My Christian life used to be like that of a woodpecker when he flies. He goes up and down by jerks just as I used to live, but now I fly straight. Bless God forever.

* * *

We took up a drunken man on the road a few days ago. Looking over the fence he saw a young colt prancing around and turning to us in the rig he said, "I wish I was as free and happy as that colt." Drunkards, swearers, thieves, harlots, backsliders, and all kinds of sinners, there is blessed freedom for you in Jesus.

* * *

One of our soldiers was telling me the other day of an Old Country farmer who, when he first landed in Canada, after he had cleared his land, put a high, close-boarded fence round it to keep out the black-squirrels and chip-monks. Oh, how [illegible] some moral people who are [illegible] their lives close fences of good works, etc., to try and keep the devil, but all in vain. He climbs [illegible], spoils the house, upsets the happiness [illegible] up things generally and takes [illegible] on to hell. Moralist beware.

* * *

"Jesus used a donkey when He had His triumphant ride into Jerusalem, and though I feel as dull and thick as a donkey, yet, blessed be God, He is using me, and I find that although very ignorant, God, the Holy Ghost, is working *upon* and in me and *through* me." This is the testimony of an officer in a recent [illegible].

* * *

Said a Baptist minister to one of our soldiers a few days ago: "I always thought I was a good Christian, but since the Army came to this village I really don't think I am saved at all." Does this cap fit you?

* * *

The opening and the dedication of the new Barracks at Blenheim was successful in every way. Crowds were turned away from the door on the Monday night. Result of meetings: Four sanctified and two souls saved.

* * *

At one of these meetings "Father Johnson," an old time Methodist, wished to say a few words. Having given him consent he mounted the platform, and for several seconds stood motionless. Then he said: "Friends, look at me; take a good look, I can stand it. I'm a Methodist; a real old time one. Now, have a good look at me, for you may see me marching up the streets with the Army to-morrow, and then if you look well you'll know me. I can bear inspection."

* * *

I was talking with Capt. —— on the sidewalk a few days ago. A milkman came along, and we asked him how he was, body and soul, etc. "Well," said he, "I don't get out to the meetings as often as I would like, especially on Sundays, and what is more, this Sunday milk-trading business is causing me a lot of trouble, and I shall have to give it up." That's right, milkman, be honest with God, do the right, and God will bless you.

* * *

Said a hard-shelled Methodist to me a few days ago, "Oh! I could do with your Army if they did not sell WAR CRYS on Sundays." I turned to him and said, "Why do you let your children, who go to Sunday School, subscribe so much and pay so much to the librarian every Sunday, in order to borrow books to read? (and some of them with not much good in at that), while our paper contains nothing but real solid salvation reading? Of course the man was cornered up. Evil be to him who evil thinks.

* * *

A female officer was talking in one of our big meetings. Said she: "How sly the devil is. If he can get officers or soldiers to backslide by wearing their badge as a broach, or by putting a little extra frilling on here and there, depend upon it, he will do it. He has had great success in this line lately." What a lot of truth there is in this! Officers and soldiers, beware!

Palmerston Pickings.

ADJT. SWEETMAN.

After a good long drive and some blessed meetings, I take my pen to report of victory won under the good old Flag of Calvary.

HARRISTON being our first place to hold forth, we had received from God a full supply. Our hall was almost full. To stand and gaze upon our barracks in this town would set you in mind of some old barn, the worse for wear. Though there is nothing attractive about the building, we bless God we have a drawing power with us. We had good crowds, and thank God, souls are being saved.

WROXETER is sailing on. Although the hot weather plays hard on us, yet, God is wonderfully helping, and altogether things are moving along. Hallelujah!

You would shout Hallelujah! if you would come with me to TEESWATER. Some months ago this place was very low, but Capts. Yerex and Brokenshire have, by God's help, pulled things up, and this little town is again moving on. Here we find God is also making bare His arm, and quite a few sinners of late have been brought in.

WALKERTON is suffering from opposition, but shall have the victory. We know it is in the near future.

PAISLEY is still gaining ground. The progress is slow on account of our having to commence at the first again, and throw all other work overboard. The people of this town have been nursed, until they cannot get along without us. We find it best to start over again and learn them to lean on God and not on man, or woman either. We are strengthening the feeble knees, and, thank God, we have a few who now understand how to walk, and are getting quite healthy.

TIVERTON is on the move, and some of the high class are coming to Jesus.

We opened UNDERWOOD as an out-post from the above place. We had a full house, and are sure, before long, there will be a great smash there.

In PORT ELGIN we spent two days in trying to do something in wakening up the sleeping ones. God knows there are enough of that class here. We had one poor drunkard converted. He was asleep in an hotel when he heard the sound of the bugle, and said within himself he must follow. He told us in the meeting he felt that that was the last call from God to him. May God ever keep him faithful.

PALMERSTON is reached, and after one hundred and ninety-one miles drive, and a two weeks trip, we are dropped into our chairs and have a few hours writing, and another preparing for another trip of one hundred and sixty-six miles. Amidst all the hurry we are keeping well saved, though a little worn in body.

From Here and There.

Hamilton, New Zealand, has been opened with eighteen souls as the first result.

A soldier, at Ashland, now that he is well saved, no more kicks the dog or chases the chickens.

While the thermometer was one hundred degrees in the shade last Sunday, the Minneapolis No. I. Corps marched out one hundred strong.

"La Centenaire Salutiste," who lives in the mountains of the Drôme, France, is destined to receive world-wide recognition. She celebrated her one hundredth birthday by a Salvation meeting in a barn, sung a song of her own composition, and three souls were saved at the close.

Sam Fiske, a South African officer, does not know how to conform to the conventional idea of resting. He was run down in health, and went to rest at a village forty miles from his corps. He says, "I held sixteen meetings in thirteen days, had thirteen souls—men and women—crying for mercy, had two tea meetings (both given), sold three hundred "War Crys," made hundreds of friends, and got over fifteen pounds to roll the old chariot along, and came home refreshed and strengthened." This raises the question, "Is a change of work or air the best cure for sickness?"

Staff-Capt. Schaaf has opened still another village in Wurtemburg.

Notwithstanding the heat our work in Rome is steadily progressing.

There has been a great gathering of men of war at Kiel to give the new German Emperor a reception on his way to meet the Czar of Russia. Several of the men-of-war's men visited the Salvation Army and one in particular has got saved, and enlisted under the banner of our King.

The wife of Brigadier Fielding, along with the inmates of the Rescue Home in Oakland, have been ill, but are now better.

The municipality of Kimberley have allowed the Salvation Army the exclusive use of a portion of ground as a general cemetery.

Adjutant Roberts, South Africa, is compelled to retire from staff work. His head was cruelly struck by a "skeleton." A deep cut was made. It was sewed and dressed by the surgeon, and is progressing fairly.

General Howard, Commander of the United States Army, on the Pacific Coast, signed a petition requesting that the Salvation Army be allowed to march and play in the streets.

At one of Adjutant Roberts' open-airs, a man was arrested on his way to blow his brains out. He followed the Army to the barracks, got further convinced of the power of God to save him, and cried for mercy at the penitent form. He handed the Adjutant a loaded revolver with which he had planned his destruction. He was saved in time. Go on, and be punctual at your open-airs.

On Wednesday, the 1st of August, Commissioner Howard bid farewell to England, and a great gathering to mark this occasion took place in the Congress Hall, The General in command. Major and Mrs. Kilbey, Adjutant Cumming, Pantuni, and twelve picked officers also farewelled for these colonies. On the 3rd they set sail. The magnificent Liner s. s. *Orizaba* took the party.

When Major Rapkin was in Savona, in the north of Italy, he distributed about one hundred "War Crys" amongst the Waldensian artisans. They were read as though they contained their fortunes. The "War Cry" found its way into a tavern. It was spread out on the bar. Half-a-dozen rough fellows gathered round it, eagerly listening to the story of salvation as it was read from its pages by one of their class. On one side of the "War Cry" was a glass of beer, on the other a glass of wine—damnation on the right and left, salvation in the centre.

A reporter of the Brighton *Argus* (Eng.) has been spending at the local Congress Hall what he entitles "A morning with Red Hot John," a title by which the captain is familiarly known.

The *Argus* man says he has attracted by the curious subject announced for the morning Holiness-meeting, viz., "Tried and true, or an old man's darling."

This turned out to be Abraham, and the reporter remarks:—"The story was gradually unfolded verse by verse, and it was shown how Abraham's chief fault, the fear of men, was gradually corrected in him. Coming to the offered sacrifice, 'God often asks,' said the speaker, 'what He would never take of us. He accepts the spirit in which the things are offered. He wants obedience of the heart. He wants all. God hath provided a lamb. I think of the Lamb slain upon Calvary, and His devotion to the interests of man and I am sure His sacrifice is enough to cause all of us to prostrate ourselves before God. Could the most anglican of anglican bishops have drawn the moral more touchingly? As the writer was passing out at the conclusion of the service, a soldier, recognizing him, said, 'But you should have come in the evening. We have a crowded hall then.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'I will come in the evening, but I have heard enough this morning to think over for days.' Certainly if the most prejudiced against the Salvation Army did not leave a service like this with broader views and more toleration and charity, it would be because he was utterly indifferent to the charms of truth, sincerity, earnestness and enthusiasm."

A lady from Dakota, writes that two old "War Crys," dated '86 and '87 have come into her possession, and she is exceedingly desirous of knowing something more of the organization mentioned therein. She is a Church of England communicant, "but," she says, "I thoroughly believe in a religion that takes hold of those who *need* it most, or, at least, who appear to need it most." So far out of the world does she live that it is unknown to her whether the "War Cry" is still in existence; if it is she desires to subscribe. "I have a son," the letter continues, "who has been a great sorrow to me, who was converted last January, who has since been a man in the true sense. I think that is the reason I am so much interested in the Salvation Army. I sent him one of the 'War Crys.' The other has also been passed on."

Oh, ye writers to, and pushers of the "War Cry," doesn't such news as this inflame your soul and make you boil over with zeal to go on pushing many times more vigorously than ever that harbinger of "peace on earth, good will to men"—the "War Cry."

Miss Swift, who has been spending a well-earned furlough amongst her friends in the States, has returned safely to England. She has resumed her important duties as editress of "All the World," and is already (as is usual with her) "busy in the war."

PROMOTED.

The First Break at Vancouver.

In viewing the field we see where our ranks have been broken, and how one after another of our comrades have crossed the borders into the Heavenly Canaan. On Sunday morning just returning from Knee-drill the message was brought that our comrade, Arthur Laynou, had passed away. Thank God for the assurance that he is at Home. On the 6th of May last our brother knelt at the penitent form, where the precious Blood swept away all the black past and the peace of God filled his soul; he arose with a trusting smile and thanked God for it all. The following evening a comrade visited him asking him to march; after a struggle with pride victory was gained and ever since he has been at his post. Those who knew him best of his workmates remarked the great change in his life. Once while working in the woods a falling tree almost crushed him into eternity. The next meeting he was at he told us he looked into God's face and whispered, its all right, I'm prepared.

I remember the first time we visited him during his illness. We talked of the wonderful love of Jesus. His heart was so full he could not answer. After we had read from our Father's word and prayed we again spoke to him about his soul. "Oh," he said, "I am away from home and how could I do without Jesus? How could I lie here and suffer hour after hour without knowing my soul was right with God? I'm satisfied with whatever the Lord sees fit to do with me." He grew worse. We visited him very often, and during his conscious moments it was, "Jesus is very precious to me, and the white throne is ever before me." He would look around upon his comrades who were waiting on him and exclaim, "How good God is; not only did he save my soul but he has raised up such kind friends." He was only three weeks ill but suffered very much. On Saturday night he sang,

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

and about four hours before he pased away he sang,

"I'm going to the land that's above me."

At the last moment he asked for a comrade whom he had worked with for the last three years, and just whispered, "I'm going," pointing upward. A triumphant smile lit up his face, and he entered the pearly gates.

On Monday we held a very impressive service near the house, and as we followed his remains to its last resting place, every one was very much impressed, and as we knelt around his grave and renewed our

vows to God, He drew very near and blessed us. In our memorial service, as we impressed upon all the need of being prepared, the spirit of God spoke to many a heart, but none came to the Saviour. Yet we believe that the death of our dear comrade will not only be a blessing to the corps in drawing us nearer to God and one another, but souls shall be saved. Thank God for such a wonderful salvation.

CAPTAIN LYNES.

Kingsville to the King's Palace.

On Thursday, August 2nd, a little child of Comrade Orcy's was called away to Heaven, there to be with all other good children that have been saved by the shed blood of Christ. Although young, natural affection was touched by its death, but the dear Lord had some wise purpose, as His unerring counsel doth all things for the best. Thank God it did prove to be so, for the Lord had accomplished by the death of this child that which perhaps a lighter affliction would have failed to do. As we went to the residence of our comrade to hold a short funeral service over the lifeless form, at the very start God came as we sang—

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

The tears came streaming down the cheeks of most of the few that were present, for God had already touched their hearts. Some prayer followed; then the reading of the latter part of the xv. chapt. of I. Cor., and all were brought face to face with the fact that their life was just as uncertain as that of the child, and they were as liable to be called at any moment, therefore the great necessity of being ready. The spirit of the living God took hold, and some, together with the bereaved parents, were melted into tears and sobbing almost aloud.

The invitation was given for any one that felt their need of being saved to come forward.

Truly, it was one of the most beautiful scenes eyes could behold on earth to see the mother of the now departed child near by the coffin, crying to God for mercy. She once knew God, but had backslid, so the Lord had to use rather harsh means to bring her back and restore her to the joy of His salvation. Bless God, through the Blood she found pardon again. After a little more pleading another came forward and implored God to save her; also proved that Jesus had power on earth to forgive sins. We then formed in line and marched to the cemetery, singing as we went, "Welcome, welcome home," etc.

As we stood around the grave some testimonies were given from those saved to their determination to be true to God, and live more devoted in the future, not only to meet the child whose spirit was already in heaven, but to meet Jesus who shed His precious blood for them. As I repeated ashes to ashes and dust to dust, one unsaved woman said, "As the clay touched the coffin, the hollow sound sent a thrill through her very heart," but still she held out. At the close, another poor backslider could not stand it any longer, so yielded to the strivings of the spirit and was restored. My soul cries out glory to God!

CAPT. PAYNE.

BRO. LANGRILL OF EGLINTON

Promoted to Glory, July 22nd, '88, at the Advanced Age of 85 Years.

From what we could learn he had been a converted and useful member of the Methodist community for years, but on the advent of the Army, being an earnest and sincere seeker of the light and truth as it is in Jesus, he became interested in the matter of holiness, sought and found it to his great joy, which he ever delighted to manifest and to testify of, and would come to the meetings scarcely able to take a step from infirmity and lameness, but would come almost to the very last. His last sufferings were marked with the spirit and humility of a true Christian and his praises of God and the Army for his entire sanctification were enthusiastic and continual. His end was a triumph, and to the great comfort of his dear old partner in life, with whom we had the privilege to shake hands, with tottering steps had followed him who had entered the valley a little ahead, spoke most encouragingly of his departure, and his friends and neighbors were delightfully influenced and happily impressed with the brightness of his last hours and victorious entry into everlasting joy. Our officers at Eglinton saw him to the last and gave glowing testimonies of his death. The funeral procession was very long, in which were many vehicles conveying his relatives and many ardent friends, amongst whom he was highly respected. Around the grave the scene was solemn and impressive and joyful, many tears and smiles were mingled with the last sentences uttered in the funeral rites of the departed saint, and we cannot believe that the warm pleadings and invitations at this solemn hour and place will be altogether lost, but will be like bread cast upon the waters to be seen after many days, and we pray that this soldier's death will be the means of recruiting many others.

God bless the bereaved and help them to meet their loved one gone before.

STAFF-CAPT. GRIFFITHS.

From Home and Mother to Jesus and Heaven.

LITTLE BLANCH EMPEY.

Died July 28th, 1888.

The Death Angel has visited West Winchester this week and has laid its hand on several families. Among others the home of our brother Salvationist and comrade, Bro. Herbert Empey, where a dear little child was taken home to Jesus. It was the wishes of both father and mother to have a Salvation Army funeral, so Sunday morning thirty-seven of us mustered together and marched down to the house. It looked very solemn, the banner was tied with white ribbon, while each comrade wore a band and knot of white ribbon on the arm. We marched up street with drums, singing, "Death is coming, coming, coming, and the judgment day," formed a ring in front of the house and Lieut. Broadbelt led in prayer. We then marched into the house which was already filled with sympathizers and friends, opened the service with the song, "My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here." The Captain then read a portion of the Word of God, 15th Chap. 1st Cor., and addressed those present, warning them to prepare for death and judgment and to flee from the wrath to come, then closed with prayer. The body was taken to North Williamsburg for burial.

CAPT. M. KEITH.

The War in the Far West.

How the Chariot Rolls down by the Pacific.

CAPT. MCDOWELL.

Arriving at Vancouver Tuesday morning, we found the officers and soldiers expecting wonderful times, and they were not doomed to disappointment. During the day most of the officers from surrounding stations, and a few of the soldiers arrived, so that red guernseys, red bands, badges, etc., became quite common sights on the streets, and the citizens were soon aware that something more than usual was on hand. At 7.30, led by D. O. Young, off we go for a turn in the open air, and the streets soon became lined with sympathizers, critics, and the curious ones. After a good rousing march we had a short open-air, where the people paid splendid attention, and a good number followed on to the barracks. "Shout aloud Salvation boys" went with a bang, rattle and swing, known only to real Salvationists, and gave us a proper start into a proper jubilee. A few comrades took hold in prayer, and then a song from the WAR CRY, taken hold of very good by the people. Some testimonies from the soldiers came next, followed by officers from the corps, interspersed with rousing choruses and a few solos, etc., among which were "There's a stranger at the door," and "Come to that beautiful stream," after which D. O. Young drew in the net. No fish were caught, although we held on for some time, the soldiers doing their part well.

Wednesday, all was life, preparing for a banquet, which was a genuine success. About two hundred sat down to the tables, which were well gotten up. Then another open-air engagement. Inside things went even livelier than the previous evening. The special features of the evening were the dedication of a child, and the enrollment of soldiers. Some ten or twelve converts were enrolled as soldiers in the usual way, and the volleys fired were enough to make the devil tremble with fear. Capt. Harrison and wife gave their words of farewell to both saint and sinner, as they were leaving next day to take charge at Calgary. Some earnest appeals were made to the unsaved, but no one would yield, although we believe many went away with the arrow of conviction deep in their hearts.

The next day away to

NEW WESTMINSTER,

expecting something to be done for eternity. Thursday night's meeting was announced as a Hallelujah Welcome, and, of course, brought a good many curious ones, in fact the hall was filled. The attention was splendid. From start to finish things went with a swing and cheeriness that made it an inevitable hallelujah welcome, the only sad feature seeming to be no souls. However, we claim the promise that His word shall not return void.

On Friday night we sally forth again to do something for God. The crowd in the open-air seemed intensely anxious to catch every word, and the song "'Twas a happy day and no mistake," seemed to hit the right spot. A nice crowd inside, and the enrollment appeared to create quite a special interest. "Oh! I'm happy on the way" was sung with a vim. Each comrade, by their testimony, seemed to understand what they were about to promise, and were equally determined to be true. The soldiers were enrolled, after which we went in for a red-hot prayer meeting. We prayed, sang, pleaded with the people, and did all we could, but they would not surrender, so we closed, leaving the results with God. Go in comrades! Holy lives will tell, and will result in souls being saved. Saturday back to

VANCOUVER.

The boom of the big drum, the rat-a-tat-tat of his little brother, the jingle of timbrels, and the shrill voice of the concertina, mingled with vocal organs, soon brings together a motley crowd outside. A box was procured and utilized as a pulpit, and the first to testify was Jack, which amused the lads immensely, as they called it a "Jack-in-the-box," life size. However, Jack sent home some Gospel shot, followed in quick succession by several other redeemed slaves, and we start for the barracks. A goodly number accepted the invitation to come, and a real Blood-and-fire Salvation meeting followed. One brother in his testimony said, "Some people say we're crazy for marching and clapping our hands on the street, so I'm going to be crazy to keep the devil away, and clap my hands to scare him." Another, "I put my all on the altar some time ago, am there now, and mean to stay there." The Holy Spirit seemed to rivet the truths to the hearts of the people, and although feeling keenly their need of a Saviour, they still clung to their sins.

On Sunday about twenty met for Knee-drill and claimed God's blessing on the day's work. While at breakfast news comes that a soldier had received orders for the New Jerusalem, and, bless God, the orders found him with his trunk packed ready for the journey. As we enter the barracks for the Holiness-meeting a message arrives, telling us that Capt. A. McDonald was also promoted to glory. This seemed to throw a solemnity over the meetings all day, and I believe was the means of drawing each comrade nearer to God and making them desperate for the salvation of souls. The afternoon meeting was very impressive, and, bless God, was not without results as one poor prodigal, weary of feeding on the husks of worldly pleasure, came home to Father's house and received a royal welcome. The soldiers spoke of their glorified comrades and their determination to meet them, and we believe a solid work for eternity was done in that meeting. At night the soldiers met early to wrestle with God, and after a good, lively march went into the meeting believingly.

"Arise, my soul, arise," helped us to "Shake off our guilty fears" and draw nigh in confidence to God. Some good testimonies were given as to God's power to save and keep. One brother remarked that "although people were looking for him to backslide he was sliding up all the time." The comrades seemed as much determined as the old brother at Westminster, who having been saved from a life of sin, says, "If I was put in a hogshead of whiskey I would'nt drink any; would rather drink dog-fish oil." A sister here, who at the time of her conversion was deaf and dumb, is now able to give her testimony, although imperfectly, yet so as to be understood. Some of the comrades dwelt feelingly on the promotion of their fellow soldier, which intensified the solemnity of the meeting. The officers gave a few words of experience and exhortation, and D. O. Young gave the invitation. Still the people hung back. We went into the prayer meeting, and after holding on to God some time, a dear lad came boldly to the front and knelt at the penitent form. The devil did his best to introduce doubting, but at last he trusted God and was able to sing with us, "The precious blood of Jesus, it washes white as snow." His testimony was about like this, "Comrades, I once knew what it was to serve God for two years, but I fell away, and from the moment the spirit of God left me I sank deeper and deeper into sin. I came out here before, but wasn't willing to go in the S. A. for fear of disgracing it, so did'nt get right. I made up my mind to-day in the meetings that if God would pardon me I would go in the Army. I feel he's pardoned me, and I'm going to serve Him as a soldier." We had a proper wind-up and march round the hall, praising God for the victory, our new comrade joining in. More anon.

"The Voice of God in the Moonlight."

LIEUT. O. L. WAGAR.

Shall I ever forget it? Never!
That voice so still, so sweet,
As I trudged along in the moonlight,
That beautiful Saturday night.

I'd been having a day of anguish,
My heart was bleeding and torn,
For my helpmate had proved unfaithful,
And taken the train that morn.

And when the night meeting was over,
I'd a half mile journey ahead;
I was needing some milk for Sunday,
Also a loaf of bread.

The moon was shining so brightly,
The stars they twinkled their joy;
And a voice spoke in my sadness,
"I am thy refuge My boy."

I answered, "Yes, Lord, I'll trust Thee,
Tho' the pathway be stormy and rough;
Thy grace is always sufficient,
Thy promise for me is enough."

And since that time I've been trusting
And leaning alone on His might;
And I'll never forget the voice of God,
In the moonlight that Saturday night.

If Christ will not be satisfied with His present glory at the right hand of God without having His Church—the members of His body—with Him, how can we be content without Him in this valley of the shadow of death—this present evil world?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE).

But more, he has justified God. He has confessed that God is not a mere force of nature, nor a mere tyrant or terror, but a reasonable being who will hear reason, and a just being who will do justice by the creatures He has made. And so the very act of prayer justifies God, and honors God, and gives Glory to God, is a confession that God is what he is, a good God, to whom the humblest and the most fallen of His creatures dare speak out of the depth of their abasement and acknowledge that His glory is this, that in spite of His majesty he is one who heareth prayer; a being as magnificent in His love as He is magnificent in His majesty and in His might.

But there is another question and that is this: This just and magnificent God, has He also human pity, tenderness, charity, condescension, love? In a word, have we not only a God in Heaven but a Father in Heaven. That question could only be answered by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Truly, He said, "No one cometh to the Father but by Me," but He revealed the Father perfectly when He said: "I and the Father are one; he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Love and condescension without bounds! Now we know there is a *Man* in the midst of the throne of God, who is the brightness of God's glory and the express image of his character, who can be touched with our infirmities, seeing He was tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin. To Him we can cry with human passions and in human words, because His human heart will respond to our human hearts and that His human heart will also respond to His Divine Spirit, which is the same as the Divine Spirit of the Father, for their wills and mind are one, and their will and their mind is — boundless love to sinful man.

Yes, we can look up by faith into the sacred face of Christ, and take refuge in His sacred heart, saying if it be good for me He will give me what I ask of Him, and if He gives it not it is because that too is good for me and for others beside me. In all the chances and changes of life we can say to Him, as He said in that supreme hour, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will but thine be done," sure that He will present that prayer to His Father and to our Father, to His God and to our God; and that whatsoever be the answer vouchsafed by Him whose ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts, the prayer will not have gone up to God in vain. We can, however, relying upon His protection and trusting to His care, pray the one prayer which, unless prayer be a dream, is certain to be answered, because it is certainly in accordance with His will—the prayer to be taught and helped to do our duty by our fellow men. And for the rest let us pray that His will may be fulfilled in us. For this is certain, that whatsoever duties He has for us to do, if we are willing as was David, He will give us grace and strength to do them, and whatsoever dangers threaten us, we too, like him, will be preserved so long as our trust "is in the Lord his God."

Civic Holiday in the City.

CONTINUATION OF THE WELLS' HILL CAMP.

WELSH MINSTREL.

The great Camp-meeting had its effects—of a most desirable kind most of them—and with exception of the boys stealing the apples from the neighbouring orchard and the great thunderstorm which shivered the big tree behind the big tent, things ended in a glorious sort of a way. Many little episodes of more or less interest passed during the course of those illustrious seven days.

Of course it was no surprise that the Chief took his bride in so kindly a sort of a way, nor that Mrs. Florence according to her best evidence "Giv'd a skreem when the thunderbolt come," or that the Training Home lasses were pious enough to sing, "Hiding in Thee," during the great storm; or that there were so many souls saved because of the powerful Holy Spirit influence felt and the many prayers which ascended from that little woodland nook—especially those little prayer-meetings between the larger meetings, reminding one of sandwiches very much, that have a little beef and mustard in between of course.

How the old woods did ring with the sound of earnest stentorian voices and the wrestling of giants in prayer with God, and we all felt the influence.

GLORY TO THE LIVING GOD.

The second edition of the Camp-meetings was only a continuation of the first in numbers and spirit.

We had a blessed day on Sunday. A nice turnout of soldiers and friends come to the Holiness-meeting, where mighty work was done in the hearts of many. Several came to the penitent-bench and gave every evidence possible of a good work being done in their hearts. The afternoon was a grand

COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES OF SALVATION.

"Saved Merye" and "Glory Jims" made bold testimonies for the Master, and the Master in return gave testimony for them in the great blessing which flowed through their expressions into many souls. At night

"GREAT WAS THE COMPANY OF THE PREACHERS."

The evening subject was the "Faithful Message," and truly, it was very faithfully delivered, and as at the whole series of meetings souls came to seek mercy, and the dear Lord filled in the glory.

Monday was a

HALLELUJAH GALA DAY.

Gay colors and holy ointment, with Balm of Gilead and heavenly sunshine in abundance. Mother Florence had her day out, and old daddy, who got a holiday at last, was acting the soldier in his full regimentals, and oh, had not the devil a licking! I tell you he had, and *squash* for breakfast, for if ever he was *squashed* at all it was at the morning meeting on Monday. The testimonies were bright, and the spirit was right, and everybody was nicely melted down—many to tears of joy and glory came through them. Hallelujah! God was near at the afternoon

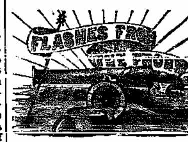
GENERAL FUSILADE UPON THE DEVIL.

We had several of the grandest testimonies to the power of God to save and to keep. Mr. Gooderham, Rev. Bro. Salmon and Mr. Whisker took part in the meeting, and while they spoke or sung, evident signs were seen of the power of God's spirit, and at the close, more penitents. At night the great

HALLELUJAH WIND-UP.

About forty stood up of the Camp-meeting converts and gave testimony to God's power to save—this meeting was numerously attended, as was the meeting in the afternoon, and when the power of God came with mighty force into our midst a crowd stood up at once, seeking anxiously for an opportunity to utter, as it were, even a hurried word in grateful recognition of the Spirit's blessed work done in their hearts and souls. Praise God. Again more at the penitent form—fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, wives and sisters, brothers as well came tumbling into the Fountain that never runs dry. Oh, hallelujah! and with a great shout of joy and singing "All hail the power of Jesu's name" the last meeting of the series broke up with the most blessed recollections. Major Glover led the meetings throughout. Capt. Banks and Adjutant Sharpe and various field officers rendered valuable assistance, amongst whom were Capts. Gage, Pople, Fletcher, Daymond, Moss, Golds and others whom God made great blessing to multitudes who gathered round. Amen.

Not to *enjoy* life, but to *employ* life, ought to be our aim and aspiration.



"Gleams of light from the thick of the fight."

Figures in nearly all departments seem to be on the up grade. Canada sent a crowd of sixty thousand and fourteen people into Salvation Army barracks on last Sunday night, to hear the preaching the foolishness of which is a stumbling block to the wisdom of the modern Greeks.

* * *

During the week two hundred and twenty-four people fell before the firing of the Hallelujah guns, but having entrusted their cases to the Great Physician there is strong hopes that the Salvation cure will meet all their needs. The greatest number yielded at St. John, Newfoundland.

* * *

Three thousand one hundred and twenty-six people in the Dominion sacrificed a little bodily rest and attended the seven o'clock Knee-drill on Sunday morning, and none were sent empty away. The most waking saints are found at Kingsville, St. John Newfoundland, St. John N. B., Fredericton and the Temple (Toronto VI).

* * *

The devil was attacked in the open air one thousand four hundred and twenty-six times during the week, and on a certain week night no less than four thousand two hundred and twenty-four soldiers turned out in the heat, rain or dust to pound him. Let us hope he feels the effect mightily.

* * *

The corps rejoicing in the largest returns of open-air warriors are Oshawa (100), Truro (70), Wyoming (70): Guelph and Halifax (50 each), Ingersoll (47), and Bloomfield (45).

* * *

The returns of the week's visiting work shows 4,195½ hours occupied, and 8,444 houses visited. The best figures are as follows:—

	Hours Occupied.	Houses Visited.
Cobourg	54	59
St. John	40½	91
Centre St. (Toronto xi.)	44	105
Burin (Nfld.)	38	83
Toronto I.	37	84
Seaforth	37	28

* * *

No less than thirty-six stations send reasons for deficient visiting, and we append the following as throwing a little light upon the multifarious duties that come upon our officers:—Cleaning barracks; moving quarters; meetings with fishermen; white-washing house; shovelling coal; scrubbing and painting barracks; helping the D. O. (d. o. what?); away to council, returned sick (was there a banquet?). A great number were at camp meetings and divisional gatherings.

* * *

The following deficient visiting is not accounted for:—

	Hours Occupied.	Houses. Visited.
Quebec II.	2	5
Warkworth	6	12
Pugwash	2	7
Westport	5½	7
Freeport	1½	1
New Westminster	½	1

* * *

There was no visiting done at the following stations, and no reason has been given for the omission,—Lisgar St., Burlington, Alviston, Oakville, Bronte, Montreal II.

* * *

The largest sales of WAR CRIES were at St. John, N. B., Guelph, Lippincott, Montreal I, Peterboro', Temple, Newcastle, N. B., Yarmouth, Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminister.

* * *

WAR CRY reports are still very deficient, only 84 being received, all bad complied with our regulations and were therefore accepted. Will officers and correspondents kindly give the name of the division as well as stations on their report, as it simplifies matters and saves time and trouble.

SUB.

The reception of our comrades from India and Ceylon, in Quebec and the Eastern Provinces has been most enthusiastic and cordial, according to the press telegrams the populace have been much impressed with the "*magnificence* of the Oriental Costumes."

* * *

The great success of the Wells' Hill Camp led to another gathering there on "Civic Holiday," and the preceeding Sunday, which was a decided success. The Field Secretary led the meetings owing to the absence of the Commissioner and Chief in the east. Staff-Capt. Griffiths was in charge of the Camp, and, like everything he finds for his hands to do, it was done mightily. By the way, the success of the general arrangements of the first Camp were in no small degree attributable to the exertions of the "Minstrel," upon whose shoulders the burden of the arrangements fell.

* *

We notice that the "*Dominion Illustrated*" of Montreal, a journal that has the opportunity of filling a decided need in Canada, namely the lack of a really artistic illustrated paper, has published what purports to be a sketch of a S. A. march in Toronto, *taken from life*. We are prepared to enjoy anything in the way of fair caricature, but when such evident and gross exaggeration is palmed off for truth we hardly know where to fix the blame, upon the inability, mendacity, or prejudice of the artist, or upon the carelessness or *animus* of the editor. We are sorry that a journal which might fill a public necessity in the elevation of the public taste should, so far and thus early, have fallen short of its mission.

* * *

Party predjudice in public officials is a danger that can never be too loudly deprecated. The recent indecent expressions of the Montreal Chief Policeman in reference to the S. A., and the apparent reluctance of the Toronto authorities in bringing to justice the ruffians in regalia who attacked the house of a community of Christian ladies, who care for the bodies and souls of those who cannot care for themselves, are parallel instances as to the extent to which this evil has grown in our Dominion east and west. It is time all who have the Spirit as well as the name of Christianity should take a stand in this matter.

* * *

We note that the Peterborough Division is about to dedicate a new barracks at Kinmount. Adjt. Bolton assures us that it is a "daisy," and will seat 250 people. They have also built comfortable officers' quarters, and are expecting a real old hallelujah time at the opening. On enquiring if it was paid for, the Adjutant says, "Not much!" and he hopes every visitor will let him have a substantial reminder that they have not forgotten this.

* * *

The *Elora Express* gives brilliant testimony to the influence of the WAR CRY and the extent of its circulation. It says that a remark of the late Captain in that station, which appeared in his report in the WAR CRY has been copied into "every paper in the country." The editor of the CRY should be much obliged for the compliment of his colleague of the *Express* and we are sure the whole community of Elora will be conscious of the value of the advertisement that the WAR CRY has given to their town.

WAR SCRIBE.

Much here is dead language to us. It will be translated in Heaven.

HOLINESS

GRACE IN VAIN.

AN ADDRESS BY THE GENERAL.

"We, then, as workers together with Him beseech you also that you receive not the grace of God in vain."

You see it is possible to receive the grace of God, to have the benefits of Christ's blood and the operations of the Holy Ghost on you heart, and for the end for which that blood was shed and that grace is given not to be anewered. The rain may fall, the dew may distil, the blood may be shed, the Spirit may strive, and yet instead of an eternal harvest of beauty and blessedness, instead of fruit that shall be pleasant to the taste of angels and of God, there shall be only be leaves and sour fruit that shall have to go and be eaten down amongst the damned in hell!

We beseech you, I beseech you — oh, God, help me to beseech this people!— that you begin to gather you thoughts, begin to consider this great question about the saving of your own souls and your family and those about you. For unquestionably every man receives grace, and there is grace for every one, not only to save himself, but a great crowd of those around about him. Unquestionably.

Unquestionably every Man here will be held Responsible in the coming Eternity,

not only for his own soul, but to some extent for the salvation of his wife and children and neighbors and friends, and very likely for some of those two hundred and fifty millions represented by these three brands now on the platform, plucked from the burning in yon great India.

The Lord help us? Isn't it time we all began to consider and to say, "This religion and this suffering world of ours shall not be a thing put off to the ends and corners of life, so to speak; taken up when we have nothing else to do; taken up in dead earnest for a fortnight or three weeks, or a month, when somebody is here from America or something remarkable going on. This saving of men, this following of Christ, this doing the will of God, shall be regarded by us as a very serious matter, as the great business of our existence; lest, after all, we should be pulled up before the great white throne, and have to give an account of grace that has been wasted, opportunities squandered, and of souls that have been damned, because we have not been doing our duty?" Oh, may God help you tonight!

I feel that with me the shadows of life are lengthening, and that I am passing away. The place that now knows me must soon know me no more for ever; but I am crying to the living God hour by hour to help me to fill up the few remaining hours and opportunities of my existence in not only doing my own duty, but calling upon men and women that they will rise up and come and

Help Jesus Christ to Win the World for the Father

from the grip of the devil; to stop this great deluge of forces, this stream of blood and agony that is rolling through the world! While men who call themselves by the name of the living God, and say they are the followers of Jesus Christ, are amusing themselves with the temporalities of life, with money-making, and the arts and sciences, with pictures and fancies; the great heaven is fading away for multitudes of men and women, and hell is filling up with souls full of anguish and grief.

I beseech you — you men and women who have got the Bible not only in your hands but in your heads; who understand these things, or think and say you do; and who look down on others in these matters, and reckon you stand on the tip-top in your knowledge of divine things — lest with all your conceit in your knowledge of theologies you should be found in the last great day to have received the grace of God in vain.

"For he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted." He will hear thee if thou will speak to Him—"and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee: behold, now"—to-night—"is the accepted time; behold

Now is the Day of Salvation."

Passing on to the fourteenth verse, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers"—do not go into partnership with men and women who are unbelievers in Jesus Christ; do not go into any sort of busines, marrying, or any other kind of partnership; do not bring yourself into unnecessary union, however pleasant, and pleasurable and profitable, so far as the world goes it may seem to thee. Keep out of it. Do not be fettered, tied up to people who are unbelievers in the living God. How could you be friends and partners willingly with those who hated your wife or darling children? How could you Scotch people ever marry a man that cursed and hated Scotland? You would not like to have any partnership with him of any kind.

You would not go into

Partnership With The Devil

if he came to your chamber to-night and said, "I will show you a good thing—a way of making a pile of money, and you shall have a nice house overlooking a loch, and all that money can procure; but you must know that I am the devil, and you will have to be in partnership with me."

You would say, "Get you gone, Satan, though you make me a millionaire, fiend of hell, I won't come into partnership with thee!"

Then don't go into partnership with any of his Imps, Followers or Servants to make a fortune. You will never be worth twopence for the Lord Jesus Christ till you can spit on a fortune, and say, "Get thee behind me, fortune; get thee behind me pleasures of the world!"

Be not united with those who are the enemies of God and of His Christ — "for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?" — what communion is there between them? They soon get to the end of their conversation; what is there to talk about? "And what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with Idols? How could you fix up a picture of Belial in the temple of the living God? Talk about Dagon falling before the ark? Why Dagon never sat upon a shelf in the temple of the living God!

And know ye not that *ye* are temples? Don't you dear Scotch people know that you bodies are God's temples? What money you lavish upon your stone temples and churches! Somebody told me that you spent twenty-eight thousand pounds on a church here the other day. What for? People say for the glory of God. I would have engaged to have put a place that would have contained as many people, and as much of the glory of God, and been as helpful to the salvation of men, for four thousand pounds, and you might have sent the other twenty-four thousand pounds to the Salvation Army!

"This is the temple of God," you say. No, no! Don't you know that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands?

Your Bodies are the Temples of the Living God.

This body is the temple the Most High lives in. Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and therefore you must not defile or pollute it; no ungodly guests must enter, do damnation thoughts and feelings must come there, leaving the smell of sulphur and damnation behind, you must keep it clean.

In the Scriptores, you know, a part is often put as representing the whole; and when God says, "Present your bodies," He means, "Present all there is of you." Many people think a deal of their bodies, but very little of their souls. You find them willing enough to give the Lord their souls, because they have no use for them now. They can go to the Exhibition without a soul; they can make money without a soul; they can go to a concert without a soul; in fact, souls are a great bother, and they would be glad if they could get them stowed away the same as in those great Safety Deposit Institutions, and say, "Lord, here is my soul, nine hundred and eighty one, lock it up till I want it. I shall want it when I can't stay down here any longer; and when the angel comes for my body I shall apply for my soul.

Ah, God can see through all your Little Dodges.

You will never get round Him, though you may think you do, like the foolish ostrich, which when pursued by the hunters, sticks its head in a bank and thinks they cannot see it.

So here are you with your head in a sand-bank and your carcase sticking out! God sees, you, and knows all you are. You used to play at hide-and-seek with your little companions when you were children; but you can't play at hide-and-seek with God Almighty. You may think you do, but He knows where you are hiding, and He will have you out. Though you have got on a hillside as high as the Alps, and say, "I am safe here; I will build here; I have vigor and strength and money and talent." He will put out His long arm, pull you out of your nest, and dash you down at His feet! You had better come down and let Him have His own way with you!

Oh, my God is talking to some of your souls! I know it as though I could see Him talking to your hearts here. Do you hear what He is saying? You are to present your bodies! "For ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them." And what does God want a temple for but to live in it? that He may be worshipped in it, that He may be the God. You are the temple.

Who do you Worship—who or what is on the Altar?

Is it money, or wife, or children that you love the most of all? What have you got on the shelf? Is it doing the best you can for yourself in some form or other?

Oh, He wants to be on the throne of His temple. Let Him have all the temple! He wants to purify it, to come and live in it, to make eternal sunshine there, and to beautify its walls, so that it shall be an exhibition for heaven's angels to come and see!

"As God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them." You heard what I said this morning, but I will say it again. God is no respecter of persons. Where is the man or the woman who knows the least of God and the most of the devil and iniquity? Where are you? The foulest, the most unwashed? Come along, the heart can be purified, and God will come in and sit on the throne, and you shall worship Him and be as the very angels of God.

Captive Thoughts.

ALBERT ORSBORN.

"Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—II. Cor. x. 5.

"Dear me, what a trouble these thoughts are to me! It seems as if I can never live this holy life these people talk of, for I can't keep my thoughts right."

Such has been the exclamation of many a sincere soul seeking to enjoy entire sanctification, and I have met with them again and again, going about and condemning themselves and bothering their minds, and bringing darkness and weakness into the souls by not understanding "captive thoughts."

My experience is that "every thought" can be brought into captivity and made to run in the direction that is pleasing to God. Why not? True, we have sometimes felt these thoughts of ours to be quick as lightning; but has not the lightning been brought into harness in the electric telegraph, and is it not made to run in the direction which the operator wishes? Even so, you may know what it is to have "every thought" brought into the right direction by a thorough yielding to the Holy Ghost.

First of all, be careful to learn to distinguish between a suggestion of the devil and thoughts of your own heart. Suppose, for instance, you have a very nice clean, bright looking-glass, and you breathe on its face. There comes a cloud, but wait a minute, it will pass away, and leave it as clean as it was before.

Even so, I have found many who really enjoy a clean heart, but, sooner or later the devil seek to spoil it by breathing a suggestion into the mind. Although they do not yield to it, yet they go along afterwards continually condemning and upsetting themselves and saying, "It's not a bit of use, I've sinned again."

But, my dear soul, if you yielded not, nor harbored the suggestion, nor dallied with it, it was no sinful thought of yours; it was a suggestion of the devil, and no more, and it does not become sin until you allow it to take hold of your affections and wishes.

I care not how horrible or how strong the suggestion may have been, if you keep a steady look to Christ, and trust in the blood that cleanses, then the Holy Ghost will keep "every thought of yours going in the right direction, and when the cloud has passed away it leaves you like the looking-glass, clean as ever you were before it came.

This applies to evil thoughts about other people, and every train of thought. Thank God, there is a complete salvation for the whole multitude of them, because God has written it so plain that "every thought" can be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Do you believe it and expect it? If so, go in and enjoy it. Give the devil back his suggestions, and tell him to keep them.

A PROUD WOMAN ARRESTED.

As I review the past three years of my life, my heart in filled with gratitude and praise to God for the wonderful change He has wrought in my heart, life, desires, ambitions, and, indeed, in my whole being, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army.

Before my conversion I was one of that great number who praise God with their lips, but whose hearts are far from Him. Although I had attended regularly a place of worship, my heart was as cold and indifferent to the claims of God, and to the danger of my immortal soul, as if I had never read my Bible or heard of the wonderful love of God revealed in the person of His Son. Just out of curiosity, I was induced to attend an Army meeting, and little did I expect what followed—viz., the Spirit of God coming down into my heart, and revealing to me my true state before Him. I entered the building in

A Proud, Critical Frame of Mind,

but I left it a sadder and wiser woman. I did not go again for some time, but I think the impression of that meeting never left me. Over and over again I saw in my mind's eye the group of men and women on their knees wrestling with God in prayer.

Later on I again went to the meetings and became under great conviction. For days and nights my soul was in a great unrest, the burden of my sins weighed heavily upon me. In dead earnest I sought the forgiveness of my sins, and salvation of my precious soul, and rose from my knees a saved woman. The light had streamed into my once dark soul, and my sins were under the Blood. Hallelujah! I did feel hallelujah like, and no mistake. For several previous nights anguish of soul on account of sin kept me awake; but that night it was joy and the glory of God in my soul that took sleep from my eyes. Since then God has continued to do great things for my soul. He showed me that He wanted to do a deeper work in my heart, even my sanctification, and that if I would give myself entirely and unreservedly to Him, and separate myself from the world, He would cleanse and purify my heart for His dwelling-place.

For a short time I was filled with wonder and delight at the idea of the possibility of such a thing. My body to be the temple of the Holy Ghost! I searched my Bible to find confirmation of the doctrine of holiness. The proofs were numerous and

The Evidence Overwhelming

as to the ability and willingness of God to do the work in my heart, providing I would comply with the conditions, so by the grace and help of God, I just handed myself over to Him, body, soul, and spirit, and by simple faith accepted Him as my perfect Saviour and deliverer from sin. Since then I have found that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. It is beautiful to walk with God in the light, and to realize the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

I think some people are so afraid of the consequences of a full consecration, they wonder what God will require of them after, and hold themselves back on that account. Be assured, comrades, that there is no one so able to take care of us and order the entire course of our lives as the great God that made heaven and earth, but who also condescends to interest Himself in us as individuals to such an extent that the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Bless His holy name. How strange it seems that the majority of

Christians Hang Back

instead of doing as God beseeches them through the Apostle Paul to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is their reasonable service.

I did not know what the result of my life consecrated to God would be, but He very soon called me to work for Him in the Salvation Army, and as I realized I was not my own I obeyed His voice. Sometimes the way has been dark and painful, but Jesus has proved Himself to be, in my experience, a living, bright reality—the fairest of ten thousand to my soul and the altogether lovely.

I feel more than ever the beauty, force and depth of the many wonderful passages in God's holy word that teach and uphold the blessed doctrines of holiness. Would to God they were more widely spread and taught! But, thank God, the fact that they are not, does not take from them an iota of their truth or God's power to fulfil His promises in whosoever will. "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." We read as follows in Revelation about the Bride of the Lamb:—

"And to her was granted that she should be

Arrayed in Fine Linen, Clean and White;

for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." May God help us each one to know and understand more than ever the meaning of this wonderful verse, "So that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." RUTH.

The Voice of the Waters.

CADET W. HOUSE.

Rushing waters! mighty waters
With their never-ceasing voice,
Waking by their wild, weird music,
Thoughts that make my heart rejoice.
In the old, old Book I read it,
Of a white-robed, angel throng,
As the sound of "many waters."
Are the sweet tones of their song.

Foam-flecked waves about me dashing,
Bring a sense of restful peace,
There's an echo in their music,
Of the songs that never cease.
As I hear their sweet soft music,
Comes on fancy's wings to me
Breezes from the "land immortal,"
Murmurs from its crystal sea.

Ah! I love that old, old story,
Though so often I've been told
Of the wondrous, Spirit City,
With its streets of shining gold.
And I seem to see it sparkle
On each ripple of the tide,
Where the sunlight gilds the waters
Starry bright on every side.

So I listen to their music,
While my heart with rapture sings,
For there comes a song, not earthly,
Borne to me on angel wings.
"Pain and death fore'er are banished,
No more night, but endless day,
No more sorrow, no more crying,
God has wiped our tears away."

Rushing waters, mighty waters!
Sing again your song to me,
Bear me on its tones, in fancy,
Once more to the "crystal sea."
Sing to me of life immortal,
Tell again that sweet old tale
Of the ever-blooming flowers,
And the joys that never fail!

Union is Strength.

JAY E.—QUEBEC.

Not unfrequently do we see "labor societies" whose members have chosen for their motto those words, "Union is Strength," meaning, of course, that they must all work hand in hand, and in unity of spirit to accomplish their common object, namely, the success of their movement, and as long as they so work the movement prospers, but if some contrary spirit should get in, if some one amongst themselves gets dissatisfied and begins to think that some of the other members are not acting as they should, and so they get careless and indifferent whether the society prospers or not, then that society begins to decline, and before long comes to naught.

So it is with the Christian societies; we see a band of men and women who have banded together for the purpose of doing good to fallen humanity. There is that unity of spirit among them that one can't help but admit that they are doing good, But after a while one of the members seems to think there is no necessity for being so extra zealous, while others are taking their ease, and so he gets careless, and from that moment you will notice that that society is not prospering as formerly, because there is no longer that "unity of spirit" which held them together, and ere long, if that adverse spirit is not taken out, that society becomes a thing of the past.

Now, we of The Salvation Army ought undoubtedly to have this as our motto, "Union is Strength," for we are continually attacking and being attacked by our arch-enemy, the devil, and if we show a bold and unbroken front to his onslaughts we are certain of victory, but if his searching eye can see one in our ranks who is careless and indifferent, then assuredly he directs all his artillery to that one spot and does not cease, until in a great many cases he effects an entrance through the ranks, and then once within how he does work, until God in His mercy steps in and rescues us, and all this trouble may have occurred through the indifference of *one soldier*. Oh, may God help every Salvation soldier to realize what responsibility He has placed on our shoulders and let us be continually on the watch lest the devil should see in us some weak point where he can work.

Then again when we are attacking the devil's stronghold we must be united, for "union is strength." What would be the use of sending out a large number of soldiers to quell some rebellion if the authorities sent them out one by one, why people would say, what foolishness; why not send them all at once so that they might wipe out the rebels on the spot. So it is in the spiritual warfare, our enemy is the devil and he is the one we want to overcome, but how can we do it if we are not united. No, no, we must go hand in hand Christ is our Captain. He leads us on, so let us be brave and march on boldly determined to conquer in Christ's name, and rest assured we shall march on to victory.

The other day I read an article to illustrate the strength of unity; it was something to this effect: A gentleman told his children to gather a number of small sticks and bind them together, and when they had done so he requested them to break them, but the children couldn't do so, for the small sticks were so closely bound together as to form one thick, strong stick; he then requested them to unbind the sticks and then break them, which they easily did, showing that as long as the small sticks were united in one, it was impossible to break them, but as soon as they became disunited then they were easily broken. I thought that illustrated splendidly the way we Salvationists ought to be united; we ought all to have that spirit of "unity" in our hearts, which makes it impossible for the devil to resist our attacks. Thank God there are some corps whose soldiers are so united, but others, alas! don't seem to have any spirit of unity at all. Take, for instance, some of our prayer-meetings. Here we see, perhaps, a platform full of soldiers down on their knees, and when Captain asks for some one to pray and deal with God for souls, instead of two or three gripping hold of God at once, perhaps it is some seconds before any one starts to pray, and then instead of the soldiers uniting their prayers with his, what do we see? here a soldier with eyes open looking around at what is going on, and there another with eyes open also, and in another corner some one else who shows by his or her actions that they are careless whether souls get saved or not, and so perhaps out of all that platform of twenty or twenty-five soldiers there are only seven or eight who are really in earnest about souls. Now where is the unity of spirit there? Just imagine the power that would come down if every soldier was to deal faithfully for souls. Oh, may God help each one of us to go in more than ever for *unity of spirit*, let us join hands and go forward to face the foe with a strong front.

Another motto is, "United we stand, divided we fall;" oh, what truth is contained in those words. "United" and with our hope firmly fixed on Jesus our Captain we shall most assuredly stand, but if we think we can get along well by ourselves, and by-and-bye our ranks become devided, then assuredly we must fall.

Oh, comrades and fellow-soldiers in this great war, let us go in for more unity of spirit in our ranks, let our hearts be united with Christ's, and let us never grow careless or indifferent, for God's business requires us to be up and doing. So let us go on, always on the watch lest the devil get us to drop out of the ranks, and let us keep on praying that God will bind every Salvationist together with that spirit of love and unity that will propel us on to greater victories in the future than ever have been accomplished in the past and let us always remember that in union there is strength.

RESPONSIBILITIES

ADJT. BOLTON.

We know Christ has purchased for us all the grace we need, but we do not seem to properly appreciate the fact that our privileges are high responsibilities—solemn duties. These privileges remember are bought by the shedding of the blood of Christ and the honor of God, and the establishment of His kingdom on earth all stand connected with our availing ourselves of them, and I feel the point that every follower of Christ should bring before himself is this, "What has God Almighty benefited by my religion; have I done anything during the last year to help Him in the salvation of the world?" I cannot but believe that long since a redeemed world had been renovated, had individual professors acted upon the principle that their privileges were duties.

If I would ask the reader do you believe stantly dwelling in your heart? you would it to be a privilege to have Christ consay, "Oh, yes, for He has said, He would dwell in me and walk in me." Yet, oh, how few exhibit by their lives that they have His constant and conscious indwelling. If professors would only avail themselves of their privilege in this regard, the Saviour says in His prayer, John xvii. 23, "I in them and Thou in me, that the world may know and believe that Thou hast sent Me."

From this we see plainly that unless those who name the name of Christ exhibit before the world an indwelling Christ, the world will not believe. Then if the world perishes in its unbelief upon your skirts will the blood of these people be found; souls for whom Christ died, (Ezek. 33).

You are not only responsible for your own soul's salvation, but you are in a certain sense responsible for your brothers, sisters, neighbors and friends'. If you love your neighbour as your self, which you are commanded to do, you will be just as much in earnest about them and plead with God as much as you did for your own soul. Their soul is just as precious in the sight of God as yours is. Christ came to seek and save that which was lost, and when we are swallowed up in Him that will be our experience. Professors where are you?

An ambitious man puts it into the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy.

* * *

THREE words spoken by the Spirit are worth more than many words without the Holy Spirit.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 The Cry of the Critic.

CADET H. ANDREWS, T. H.

Tune—"Will you, will you hear the scoffing?"

SOME people say they do not like us,
They tell us we are very bold,
And until we get a better schooling
Our tongues, they think we ought to hold.

But we know our sins are all forgiven,
And our hearts are clean and white,
We mean to tell to those around us
We are walking with Jesus in the light.

CHORUS.

Oh, will you, will you come to Jesus?
He who was slain for you and me;
If you come He your strongest chain will sever,
And give you perfect liberty.

They say that we are awful noisy,
With our drumming and our singing in the street;
They say our lasses should not turn out,
Because it is very indiscreet.
Our object is to save the lost ones,
Those who are sunk down deep in sin,
And if they will not come into our meeting
We will take the meeting out to them.

The devil would like to get us turned off
On some nice easy going way;
He says you very soon will wear out,
And you'll have a doctor's bill to pay.
But we prefer wearing out for Jesus,
To sleeping or rusting out for him,
And we find by trusting in Jehovah,
We are kept in proper working trim.

We tell of the dying love of Jesus,
And of Salvation full and free,
That broke the mighty chains that bound us,
And gave us perfect liberty;
All those who come to our Redeemer,
With their hearts so sad and full of sin,
Find sweet relief by trusting in His promise,
Oh, will you let the loving Saviour in?

2 Let's be True.

BANDSMAN JOE R——, QUEBEC.

Tune—"Three cheers for the red white and blue."

COME, soldiers, let us rally round our banner,
The banner of the yellow red and blue,
Let us trust more in our great Commander,
Who leads us and who wants us to be true.

For what would be the use of us as soldiers,
Or what sense in us listing for this fight,
If we should to our Commander prove unfaithful,
Or fall back when He'd call on us to fight.

CHORUS.

Oh, to our great Commander let's be true,
To our great Commander let's be true;
Let us be true Salvation Army soldiers,
And to our great Commander let's be true.

How many do we see all around us,
Who once listed in this fight against sin?
But when called to the front to do some fighting,
Held back, and to fight would not begin;
The consequence is to-day they are backsliders,
And they care not what God's people say or do,
For they would not obey their great Commander's orders,
And so to their Leader proved untrue.

Just look at the forces of our foe,
See how eager they are to run at each command,
And to conquer them we must be just as eager
To run and do our gracious Lord's commands,
So then let us as Salvation Army soldiers,
Be true to God, to Whom we all belong,
And let us to our Commander e'er be faithful,
And we'll surely win God's battles right along.

3 "Not To-Night."

CAPT. MINNIE KEITH.

Tune—"Jesus keep me near the Cross."

AS we go from seat to seat,
In our Army Meetings,
Asking souls to come to Christ
This is the usual greeting.

CHORUS.

"Not to-night! Not to-night!"
They very often tell you,
"There's lots of time for me to start,
When I have more leisure."

We speak to Tom and Dick and Bill
Of their soul's Salvation,
Still we get the same old cry,
Of procrastination.

Could we bend our listening ear,
To the gates of Hell,
Hear the wail of poor lost souls,
Their torture none can tell.

Once they had a chance like you,
But sad has been their fate,
They put it off from night to night,
Till it was too late.

Now ther're wailing in despair,
As they writhe and toss,
They wring their hands and tear their hair,
"I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm lost!"

4 India.

MRS. D. S. A.

Tune—"The Gospel Bells."

LOUD the storms of sin and darkness,
Beat upon that heathen shore,
Mingled with the cry of sinners,
Louder than the ocean's roar.

CHORUS.

Send along those lads and lassies,
Who will dare to cross the wave;
Who will give their lives to Jesus,
India's millions—die to save.

We will lift the Gospel banner,
We will tell them Christ has died—
Died to save them from their idols;
Heaven's gate has opened wide.

If you cannot go and tell them,
You can send along your mite;
You can pray that God will give them
Victory in this war they fight.

Oh! my Saviour, save dear India,
May she look to Thee and live;
Bid her cast away her idols,
She has long Thy Spirit grieved.

All this world shall hear of Jesus,
All shall hear that Jesus lives;
When returning, with rejoicing,
Bringing India's golden sheaves.

5 Oh! The Good We Might Have Done.

CAPT. JOSIE JONES.

Tune—"When the mists have rolled away."

MANY years in sin I wandered,
Never thought of Heaven or God,
Many precious moments squandered,
Never feared my Master's rod;
But at last His hand of mercy
Reached my frail and helpless bark,
And I jumped into the Life-boat,
Called the Glorious Gospel Ark.

CHORUS.

Oh the good we might have done,
Many souls might have been won,
If we'd only done our duty:
In the days that have gone by,
If we'd just put forth an effort,
By saying "Yes, I'll try."

Now I'm free from sin and danger,
And I'm working for my God,
No more am I a stranger,
To the path that Jesus trod:
My arms are now unfolded,
I no longer sit at ease,
But I'm fighting in the Army
And I live my God to please.

Many people sit and listen
While others do the work,
In the testimony meeting,
From their duty they will shirk;
Yet they say they're serving Jesus
And expect to wear a crown,
But they'll find they've quite mistaken,
If they're always sitting down.

Let us all be up and doing
And no longer be a drone,
If in the past we've hindered,
And some souls to hell we've thrown;
Let us now improve the present
And the future will be grand;
If we have a full Salvation
Work together hand in hand.

6 He Saves Me!

COMMANDER J. W. S.

Tune—"Glory to His name."

JESUS, my Saviour, saves me from sin,
Cleanses my heart as I now sing,
Makes me and keeps me pure within,
Oh, what a Christ have I!

CHORUS.

What a Christ have I!
What a Christ have I!
Keeps me from falling day by day,
Oh, what a Christ have I!

His arm is strong and able to keep,
He does give food to his loved sheep,
He makes me strong when I feel weak,
Oh, what a Christ have I!

When all seems cloudy He does say,
"Fear not my child though rough the way
I'll never leave thee by night or day."
Oh, what a Christ have I!

When Satan tempts me to give in,
My Saviour helps me, to Him I cling,
I run away to Calvary the victory win.
Oh, what a Christ have I!

7 Holiness

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

HARVEY HICKS.

Tune—"Work for the night is coming."

I'VE been up to Calvary's mountain,
Where Jesus died for me,
And I've washed in the precious Fountain
Of His life-blood shed so free.
'Twas there I left my burden
Of sins that I carried so long,
As I plunged in that lovely Fountain,
Was cleansed and commenced this song.

CHORUS.

I'll go out, Lord, to work in Thy vineyard,
I'll go out now to work with Thee,
I'll go anywhere, my dear Lord,
That Thou wilt appoint for me.

Now I am up on the Highway,
And my song is sweeter again,
As I do ascend near the gateway,
Lifted up for the sons of men.
Even as when you've sanctified, Lord,
Who fight by Thy side all the way,
In this our time of probation,
Gathering souls in this harvest day.

And then when our work is over,
And we mount to the entrance gate,
And join with our loved ones forever,
Who now on the battlements wait.
But oh, my dear, lovely Saviour,
How much more glorious it then will be
When we all will exchange our greetings
With our trophies of victory.

8 What is Life Without Jesus.

GERTIE SNUGGS, LONDON.

Tune—"Blue Alsatian mountains."

WHAT is life without Jesus to cheer us
With His love and His smile on our way?
He's a friend that's faithfully near us
And helps us to conquer each day.
(Repeat.)

For there's no friend so faithful as Jesus
In trials, in troubles or pain,
And He's always ready to help us
Our home in Heaven to gain. (Repeat.)

CHORUS.

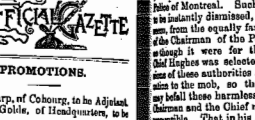
Yes, Jesus saves me now,
Yes, Jesus saves me now,
And oh, I am so happy
For Jesus saves me now.

What is life without Jesus to cheer us
With His promise, "I'm with you always;"
Yes, even in death I'll be with you
And brighten your path all the way."
(Repeat.)

"My Grace for you is sufficient,"
Is the promise I prove every day,
And He promises "Never to leave me"
"Nor forsake me," though rough be the way.
(Repeat.)

This Jesus to me is so precious,
I love to work for Him each day,
And tell to the world all around me
To seek this dear friend while they may.
(Repeat.)

For Jesus will soon come and call me
To go to my home in the skies,
And then I shall see my dear Saviour
And sing hallelujah on high. (Repeat.)



PROMOTIONS.

Capt. Sharp, nf Cobourg, to be Adjutant.
Lieut. J. Golds, of Headquarters, to be Captain.
Lieut. Rolfe, of Headquarters, to be Captain.
Cadet M. Hamilton, of Lippincott T. H., to be Captain.
Cadet Yanco, Home of Rest, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Magee, of Yorkville T. H., to be Lieutenant.
Cadet W. Delaney, of Yorkville T. H. to be Lieutenant at Varna.
Private Charles Morrison, of Deseronto, to be Cadet at Yorkville Training Home.
Private T. Williams, of Leamington, to be Cadet at Yorkville Training Home.
Private Lizzie Sundeen, of St. Catharines, to be Cadet at Lippincott Training Home.

T. B. COOMBS,
COMMISSIONER.

Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,
TORONTO, ONT.

THE WAR CRY
SATURDAY, AUGUST 25TH, 1888.

A CLEAN SWEEPER.

New brooms proverbially sweep clean, and it would appear that the recently appointed Chief Constable at Montreal is determined to assert his right to this qualification. He has been giving in very plain terms his opinion of the Salvation Army, and although we do not know that his ideas affect anyone very much, he is there to do his duty not ventilate his opinions and prejudices; we feel bound to notice the very sweeping testimony that he applies to our comrades in his city. He not only declares that they are a nuisance, but expresses with great earnestness his desire that they were all swept into the St. Lawrence. We have no opinion of the Chief's law upon nuisances, preferring to accept the fiat of the Lord Chief Justice of England, quoted and acted upon more than once, if we mistake not by the Recorder of Montreal, and we have less opinion of his good taste and kindliness of disposition, but this notwithstanding we must express our regret that any public official occupying so responsible a position in such an important community should have so far forgotten himself, and instead of magnifying his office he should have degraded it by language the tenor of which is only befitting Joe Ward's saloon or Ben Seegers Market.

A SOCIAL OPINION.

In reference to the above matter we quote the following from an editorial of the *Montreal Witness*:

"He whose heart does not boil with indignation at the cowardliness of stoning inoffensive women must, one would say, be himself a coward. Yet how shall we escape this reproach from a considerable portion of our population. We prefer to quote Chief Hughes' declaration that he wished the Salvationists in the St. Lawrence to pelmalace rather than to wicked or rather lack of action, we may conclude that as a matter of fact the Salvationists will practically get no protection so long as he can plausibly remain inactive. A man who, out of religious sympathy with the cowardly assailants of inoffensive women, fails to give the latter civil protection is unfit to be Chief of Police of Montreal. Such a one deserves to be instantly dismissed, and yet it would seem from the equally fanatical vaunting of the Chairman of the Police Committee, as though it were for this very quality Chief Hughes was selected. The expressions of these authorities are a direct invitation to the mob, so that for whatever may befall these harmless religionists the Chairman and the Chief may be fairly hold responsible. That in his failure to protect the citizens the Chief is not only betraying the public liberties but directly transgressing the law under which he was appointed, and which he is sworn to carry out, and thus compromising his own character as well proved from the wording of the city by-laws. We believe that he is "to cause the public peace to be preserved, in "secure the protection of property, and to "see that all the laws and ordinances are "enforced; and whenever any violation "thereof shall come to his knowledge, or "be reported to him, he shall cause the "requisite complaint to be made, and see "that the evidence is procured for the successful prosecution of the offender or "offenders." There is no room for impertinence to citizens who may draw his attention to breaches of the peace. His duty is plain. We look to him to carry it out, whether those requiring it are Salvationists or not."

MAY I?

COMMISSIONER BALLTON.

During the last few weeks I have repeatedly been very painfully reminded of the danger that is all around even the most experienced Salvationists, in the pleasure-taking season. There are few soldiers or officers who, during the hot months of the year, are not repeatedly face to face with the question, "May I join in this or that harmless recreation?" And the worst of it is, that a careless, hasty reply, may mark the first step on a course that will end in soul ruin.

We are more likely, nowadays, to be hurt, as a rule, by having too many than too few friends. Multitudes of church members, and even of the utterly worldly, have become convinced that we are at any rate "a very decent sort" of people; and many of them, if only out of curiosity, or an idea that we ought to be treated kindly, may ask for our company in their holiday-ing.

Blessed are the busy! How many snares would be escaped if we were always able to go by with a rush, saying, "Thanks, no time!" Depend upon it that is the happiest form of life at all seasons everywhere. The more you can crowd your spare minutes with direct intercourse with God or with the souls of the needy, the more secure you will be

Against the summer heat,
and the more abundant will your eternal harvest be.

But you cannot always be at it. The Saviour Himself had to sit down on the well while the rest walked on, and when you sit weary and the godless stranger comes along you may not even have the energy for a salvation talk left. What are you to do then to avoid being seen in doubtful company and being caught in the trap of worldly gossip, worldly reading, worldly amusement, a worldly spirit, and a worldly end?

Stick to your uniform! I know by the saddest experience all that can be said on the other side. I have felt all the bitterness of "slinking about" with the devil hissing into both ears, "Now what will they think of your Army?" and every rebuke about "work," etc., I overheard, biting me all the more because I felt my strength to reply even by holding my head up properly to it. I know the uneasiness of a seat by the seashore or by any other sort of well of rest, when sitting still seems to be too common and too particular about others with less knowledge and grace to do what may lead them quickly into danger, if not into sin.

The Army runs no risk of being long-faced and sad. The cry of heaven comes pouring down upon all true soldiers too fast and too often for that. But there is a real danger in holiday seasons especially, lest the jollieness of brother and sisterhood should lead to a loosening of the way from "up—cutting-up which is sure to cause a mass of earnestness and soul-strength, either to yourself or to somebody else. Let us not ask "How far may I go?" but rather, "How much may I avoid making free without appearing cold to my best friends on earth?"

Let us Wait for the Best of our Fun till we get over the River. We shall run no risk of marring anybody's peace or causing them to trifle by too much pushing on the golden streets. We shall always be in such company there that the ancient and the little child can gamble together like the lion and the lamb without any risk of either. We shall be free there.

Here, on the battle-field, though invited by ministers of the highest route to concerts and to bazaars, where the most worldly amusements are provided, let us stand our ground as real soldiers, and prove that we have set God always at our right hand, and that we live only to please Him—not to please ourselves.

talking to a man who was giving me real information as to ground the Army ought to occupy. I had not noticed that the seat he asked me to, faced a game then in progress. But a lady soon came by and remarked, "I suppose you are fond of that game?" I explained, walked off, and have

Never been Soon in that Park Since.

Let us always feel that we have the Army's reputation in our keeping, and hold at arm's length all who are not of our own very blood. "But may I play with the Soldiers?" Beware! beware! beware!

I never see those loving hearthearty shovings over go on in our passages or more intensely at home meetings without a certain degree of fear lest what begins most undoubtedly "in the spirit" in the purest family-like affection may end "in the flesh," and may result in carelessness, trifling, and perhaps loss of power with God and men. As the number of our young converts increase, we, who are older, must be all the more "grave," and even the younger of us "sober-minded." Always ask yourself how it will be if younger soldiers see and imitate in their way your acts and conversation. Far better seem to be too solemn and too particular about not others with less knowledge and grace to do what may lead them quickly into danger, if not into sin.

The Army runs no risk of being long-faced and sad. The cry of heaven comes pouring down upon all true soldiers too fast and too often for that. But there is a real danger in holiday seasons especially, lest the jolliness of brother and sisterhood should lead to a loosening of the way from "up—cutting-up which is sure to cause a mass of earnestness and soul-strength, either to yourself or to somebody else. Let us not ask "How far may I go?" but rather, "How much may I avoid making free without appearing cold to my best friends on earth?"

Let us Wait for the Best of our Fun till we get over the River. We shall run no risk of marring anybody's peace or causing them to trifle by too much pushing on the golden streets. We shall always be in such company there that the ancient and the little child can gamble together like the lion and the lamb without any risk of either. We shall be free there.

Here, on the battle-field, though invited by ministers of the highest route to concerts and to bazaars, where the most worldly amusements are provided, let us stand our ground as real soldiers, and prove that we have set God always at our right hand, and that we live only to please Him—not to please ourselves.

WILD OATS.

PRESBYTERIAN.

"And not many days after the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

Many people have heard the remark applied to a young man who was living very fast in the so-called pleasures of sin. "He is only sowing his wild oats, he will be all right when he gets older." As a former I have had some practical experience with wild oats, and therefore may be allowed to point out how great the analogy really is.

Supposing I were permitted to stand on the platform in the Temple before an audience of three thousand people, having six stalks of good oats in my right hand and six stalks of wild oats in my left hand, it is quite probable that not more than one hundred of that great audience would be able to tell the one oat from the other. Now this is equally true in regard to many young men, when going to balls and dances and taking the social glass and smoking; they don't see the harm. When I have spoken to professing Christians about these things, the reply would often be—

"WHAT IS THE HARM?"

Stop, my dear friend, just take a sheet of paper (you won't require a very large one), and sit down and enumerate all the "good" that there is in these things, and you will be astonished to find how little you can say for them.

But to return to my sample of oats; many of you would say, "Why do you farmers make such an outcry about the wild oats being such a pest, they seem to look just as well as the good oats, why don't you use the grain for feeding purposes the same as the good oats?" My dear friend, we don't use it for the best of all reasons, viz., we cannot do so. The grain of wild oats commences to drop off just before it is ripe; the top grains drop off first, and by the time the straw is ripe almost every kernel has dropped to the ground. Now this is just the way with sinful pleasures, when you think or expect to reap enjoyment, it has gone, you cannot find it. Again, the wild oats when they fall off the stalk, if they happen to be buried deep in the ground, it is said they will retain their vitality for ten years or more, and when brought again to the surface to the sunshine and showers, they will germinate and grow as vigorous as ever, choking out the good grain. Now, is not this true, to a certain extent, of the young man who has sown his wild oats plentifully in his youth? When in after years he feels the effects of his late hours at the ball-room; of the shattered state of his health brought on by the indulgence in youth of his many vicious passions and his past life in general; why, he is only reaping his crop of wild oats which he sowed himself.

Again, the wild oat the farmer has to contend with is provided with an attachment very similar to the barb of the Burdock which enables it to stick to anything it may come in contact with, so that in this way the pest is often carried to places which it would not otherwise have reached. The young man's wild oats seem to stick to him with wonderful tenacity, and evil habits in this way are carried to what were before comparatively clean hearts. The force of example is very great, and people around us are either getting good or evil from our daily life. Let us think seriously of this, that we are all helping all those we come in contact with either to an endless realm of happiness in Heaven or to an endless hereafter of misery in hell, and that we shall be judged at the last day not merely for the good or evil we have done while we lived but also for the effects produced upon others in an ever widening circle to the end of time.

Some of my readers may say, "We have never sown any of these wild oats; we have always lived a moral life." Ah, so far good, but what does God's word say? It says there is no difference. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Some who were at one time bound up in their self-righteousness have been led to feel thankful that they were allowed to fall into open sin for once, as it seemed to be the only way they could see their need of salvation by the blood of Christ. The words of our Saviour apply to the whole human family, moral and immoral. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." But many of my readers have sown and are sowing wild oats, and know in their own experiences that

"THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD."

Let me affectionately convey to your sin sick soul the words of my blessed Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Come, for I know that "He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

Come and get a new heart so that you can go on sowing good grain, in the full assurance that you shall reap fruit unto everlasting life.

Come then, and with the prodigal in our lesson, say, "I will arise and will go to my Father and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee and am no more worthy to be called Thy son, make me as one of Thy hired servants," for if you do this in all sincerity the Father will not wait till you go all the way to Him, but will meet you. May the Holy Spirit of the living God guide you in the way.

SOME LIGHTS OF ASIA

LATELY PROMOTED

To Heaven from the Indian Field.

I.

CAPT. NIRBHY. - (Amos Smart.)

"Straight." This word, used over and over again by our comrade, is just about indicative of his whole life's action.

As a lad he was as good as could be expected, seeing that his home, while being strictly moral, was not a Salvation one.

He was born in a little village some few miles from the city of Bristol, and there his quiet boyhood days were spent. His religious teaching was confined to what he learnt at the little chapel Sunday school.

At the age of fifteen he left home and went to Bristol to learn gardening. Here the usual traps presented themselves all over the city, and, like so many others, Amos was caught.

Wild companions got hold of the country lad, and fascinated him with town allurements, and soon the hotel found in him a regular frequenter.

Even in those days the motto "Straight" seemed to stick to him, for he was the enemy of no one but himself—as honest a, the day is light, and his friends never knew him to utter a cross or wrong word to them. What sin might have brought him to we don't know, and not God intervened.

The history of the Salvation Army in Bristol needs no recounting here, suffice it to say that its soldiers

Had Been "Busy in the War"

for some years; thousands had been gloriously saved; seven corps graced the different neighborhoods of the capital of the west, and the prophets who had so confidently predicted when the Army made its advent that it would be the now proverbial "rope of sand" or "flash in the pan," were beginning to look down their noses and think that after all there might be something in it, when Amos Smart was asked by a comrade to come to the old Salvation Circus and see what was going on.

"All right," said Amos. "I'm your man." He was the Army's man, too, for that very night he was very hard hit, and either decided on the spot, or bore the burden twenty-four hours, and then enlisted; we are not sure which.

Salvation to Amos meant work. The writer remembers his beautiful earnestness at one of the corporate near which he lived. Night after night he was found pushing his Master's business, in no half-hearted manner. He was "diligent in spirit," and went "straight" for the souls of the people.

To see him come along to the open-air, puffing and blowing, was a usual occurrence. There were so very few soldiers at the outpost, and they couldn't afford to be even one man short; and, as he often worked a good distance from home, it meant a hurried tea,

Just a Bare Splash,

and then a rush off to his duty.

Once a fortnight he went home to see father and mother, and on the first visit after his conversion he did not fail to let them know what Amos the wild, had become Amos, the Salvation soldier. His mother informs us that on this occasion "he appeared as happy as an angel."

"His pipe was then produced, and his friends were informed that he "was going to have no more of it."

Amos made it warm for his old mates every time he went home. He did pitch some burning truths into and at them. On one occasion he particularly wanted to get at one of them but found it somewhat hard to break the ice, so not to be beaten, he took an offering, a small present, in his hand, and asked his friend's acceptance. The ice thus broken, his mate was dealt with honestly and "straight."

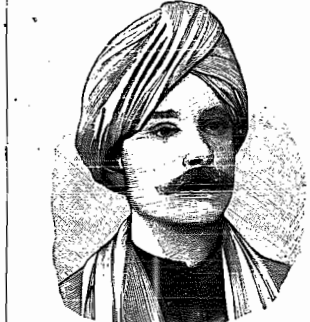
After a few months' delightful and useful fighting in Bristol, he moved to Llanelly, from whence he was speedily drafted off to the Training Home.

He soon found an Army officer's life much more than it is generally supposed. He writes to his brother from the Congress Hall, as follows, "I had better say before I go any further that I am nicely saved, and

Whatever it Means I am in for Victory. Amen.

"I am glad I am here and no mistake. I am on the right track." Then he describes the straight dealings the cadets receive from the T. H. S. He says, "I will say that all who fight right through must be determined, for there is a lot to do. We get it all laid before us—and what they expect of us when we go in the field. They tell us straight, if we are not determined to do it we had better go home."

He fought with the *Life Guards* on the Yorkshire march. His frame of mind at this time is illustrated by the following letter, written by him from Bradford, "I believe more than ever that we ought to look inside and be very strict on ourselves. I find more than ever it is only by the grace of God I am kept. The more secret prayer we get the better. The only thing I aim at is more of that love described in



CAPT. NIRBHY (Amos Smart).

the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. That supplies all the rest. No fear of old self getting much chance."

After this trying march comes an appointment to the "Victory" van. Here he was noted for his prayerful habits. An old Victory comrade says, "He didn't say much, but he always appeared happy, and was so much given to prayer, that what he did say went with great power."

Visiting the weak ones was his delight. Was there a man or woman constantly coming to the penitent-form and never seeming to get thoroughly right. That was the case for Smart, and off he would trudge next day to deal personally at home with that soul and try and

Clench what had been done the Night Before.

On December 11, 1885, came his first commission—that of lieutenant. "Beeles," said the orders, which were obeyed forthwith.

"On to the conflict," beads his first letter from Beeclee, where he had six months' glorious struggle and victory. Then we come across him at Lavenham.

Here, again, from his first letter, we call that he had a nice little corps, but money was difficulty. But it was not money he was after, he had left home to help save the world; so he said to his captain, in plain Gloucestershire, "Let we look after souls, and I believe the Lord will see the money comes in all right. That's my belief—souls for God. Amen."

His beautiful faith was rewarded, for during four months' tough fighting God gave souls and floods of blessing.

Then comes India. Yes, he was quite ready to go. The voyage out tried him a little. That dread seasickness bothered him awfully, and his comrades began to wonder whether he would get the better of it or not, but he

Come up Smiling one Day

and all was well.

The prayer-meetings on board were not complete unless the voice of Amos (now Capt. Smart) was heard, and his manly open-hearted simplicity won for him the love of all.

Writing from mid-ocean to his brother, he says, "I feel, not to follow Jesus all the way, would be a shame on me. There are just about three hundred millions of heathen in India. I feel the burden of them is coming on my heart. We shall live with them and bless like them. All things to all men." So he gladly fell in with what he felt were the right lines for India's salvation.

When we arrived in Gujarat he was just the same lad for prayer that he had been ever since his conversion. Often would he leave the others and walk away into the still, solemn, moonlit jungles to be "alone with God."

Look at its Tail; Why, it is Sorry Too!

One day, being away from his comrades for some time, he was asked on his return where he had been.

"There's an awful row up the road there," he replied, "they are worshipping an idol. I think we ought to go and stop them right straight. Come on, let's go."

They went and found forty or fifty people all crowding round a doorway. Looking through the crush they saw a piece of of white cloth, on which were several kinds of grain spread. One of the company had in his hands a rude image of a man, made of mud, which he moved to and fro, to give it the appearance of walking. A native rupee was placed in it's stomach, and in the middle of the cloth stood a saucer of oil with a lighted wick placed in it.

Smart's spirit revolted at such a sight, and with what language he could command he pitched into them right and left; then dropping on his knees, he prayed for the people. Some laughed, others seemed just taken by surprise. When they went back again to the quarters quite a crowd followed behind.

After six months' Indian service, he says, "Hallelujah! I'm saved and glad. Amen. I never felt better all in my life." His lieutenant was troubled with sore-eyes, fever, and other ailments necessitating his removal to Bombay, but

Smart Stood the Fight Grandly.

Writing four days before Christmas Day last, he mentions the weekness of the A.D.C. at which for the first time he is leaving home he had tasted pudding, and that a Christmas one, presented by a friend. "Hallelujah!" he says, "there are some good things on the other side of Jordan. May we do all we can to lay up treasure there. Amen."

The early part of this year he began to feel the strain of the war and was sent to the Home of Rest, at Khandala, from which place is written his last letter to us, it we find no reference to his health, that seemed a secondary matter altogether. His great heart is full of the world's needs and he has urged impressively on his brother. "My dear old boy," he writes, "I trust you will think earnestly on these things—we help a poor man because we feel he *needs it*—now if *need* is a call for help, what does the state of the world say to us?

"I don't think that people in England have any idea of the state of the heathen world.

"While on the one hand something has been done I don't think it is generally known what a *need* there is for earnest Christian effort.

"It is awful to see the state of things in this country. Nothing short of *deadest earnestness*

Will Win the Heathen for Christ.

"It depends on our personal effort to a great extent. If some more were and obey the command then would come the salvation of the heathen.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. Oh, for more scattering then would come the increasing. Amen.

"Who is my neighbor?" said a young man to Jesus, once. Surely his answer speaks to us to-day! If all the world is our neighbor, surely we ought to be anxious for its salvation. What is wanted is some more—a great deal more—practical Christianity."

He struggled bravely against his weakness, and gave hopes of speedily recovering his usual health.

On the evening of May 10th, while sitting in the verandah at Headquarters with Staff-Capts. Essa Charan and Laral Singh, he said to the former, "Oh, how queer I feel. My head is bad, and it's so very close. If you are not too tired, do come outside the city wall for a little fresh air with me."

They went, and the conversation turned on the question of what God wanted to teach his officers by their sickness. Speaking of suffering, he said, "Look here, straight, I don't mind how much there is to be done, nor how great suffering may have to be borne in the doing, *if only I can do it*. The hardest part is when I am not able to do anything. Still, it is a comfort that I have been allowed to do a little.

"I've been thinking, you know, that it would be hard to go while there's so much work about. Yet if my going would be good for poor old Gujarat, . . .

It Would be Nice to Go!

He had not been out long when he said, "Come, let us turn back now, and, on returning he commenced to wandl, after taking some chlorodyne, he lay down. The doctor was called, and immediately measures were taken, according to medical orders, to meet what was pronounced to be cholera.

"Amid the many moments of comparative ease, he could lie still with his face fixed upon his comrades, forgetful of his own pain, and thinking only of others, his gratitude found voice in such expressions as "Poor Laral Singh," "God bless you, Esa Charan. I'm glad I'm with those who understand."

As the night wore on, the pains lessened, and his one desire was to get a little sleep. His last distinct sentences were uttered to Jesus in Gujarati; and when Staff-Capt. Laral Singh asked him if Jesus was near to him, he had just enough strength to answer, "Yes."

Towards morning he tried to say something, and by bending down close to his face his comrades managed to make out that he wanted everybody called to his side, but he was too near home to recognise earthly comrades.

Against hope they hoped that he was only in the sleep the doctor longed for, but about eight o'clock it was clear he had gone from them.

Yet they knew, according to his last prayer, and by his words but a short time before, that

"It is All Right!

The Lord has hold of the ease and knows all about it."

Quietly, but quickly, by the directions of the authorities the funeral was arranged the same day. His own red Army jackets, in which he had so faithfully fought, was worn by him in death, and he laid for a shroud the dear old flag of the Muktifauj.

About twenty English and Indian comrades followed him to the Ahmedabad burial ground, but there were hundreds in different places, who having seen his life and been blessed or saved through his work, would have wished to be present could they only have known in time.

Over dear Nirbhy's grave his comrades of both countries sang, spoke and prayed in the languages he had learned to love so well. No greater testimony could perhaps be given than to say that whatever after his death may be said of him, it cannot be better than what was always said of him during his life by those who most intimately knew him.

* * *

Next week we hope to give a portrait and memoir of Capt. Andiappen (John Grover) who also recently finished his warfare and went gloriously home from the scene of the Indian fight. "The triumphs of the victors summons others to the war."

"My new name is Nirby.

Which Means 'Fearless,'

headed his first letter to England from his new quarters.

After describing the crowds of natives amongst whom he had to work, he adds, "My life and blood are for these poor people."

Several times when threatened with danger God delivered him and his comrades.

One night they had been out in the jungle praying, and having had a real "bumping blessing," were in proper high spirits. On returning Nirby stepped over a very poisonous snake, which, being discovered by the next comer, got its head smashed, and was carried wiggling to the quarters, where they examined it.

Gujarati officers' quarters are not furnished very luxuriously, a buff-colored blanket serving as bed, sofa, and chair, according to the need of the case.

One day while using it as a chair, they were busily engaged studying the language, when suddenly something crawling up the wall attracted their notice.

"It looks something like a beetle," said Smart's comrade.

"So it does; let's get him on the floor and have a good look at him," replied Smart, suiting the action to the word. "A curious beetle this!

If we can do them any good they shall be glad. It is an undeniable fact that there are thousands of people in this island who are altogether outside of all Christian effort, many of whom can say that nobody cares for their souls. In Kingston some years ago there are thousands who never attend a place of worship, and who live and die without any God in their life or death.

There are many things about the people here that are very bad, for which they are not altogether to blame. The Government statistics testify to the fact that seventy-five per cent. of the births throughout the island are illegitimate; but we must remember that it was but fifty years ago that the people were slaves, and had no right to marry, save by the will and consent of their owners. Even then they were at any time liable to be sold and separated. There can be no doubt but that the evil results to which slaves were subjected, together with the immoral and licentious conduct of the men who were their overseers and owners, have left a stain that only the power of God can wipe away. Speaking of this day when Sunday morning, the historian says, "On estates where the negroes were pressed, sufficient time was not allowed to the mothers to suckle their children, who were early committed to nurseries to the care of a woman appointed for the purpose to look after them as she might a litter of pigs."

There seems to be a marvellous lack of love amongst the majority of the black people we have met. Even those who are married do not possess much love for each other, nor do they, as parents, particularly care for their children. The word "home" does not seem to mean much to them. They speak of their place of abode as their "house," or "room," and seldom try to make it attractive. Many are satisfied to live in an unfloored hut rather than have it floored and pay the extra tax which would be placed upon them.

Many of the people here seem to have no conscience, and modesty and shamefacedness evidently scarce commodities. They will often tell a lie when it would be easier and much more to their advantage to speak the truth. I have known some to call earth and heaven to witness to the truth of the blackest of lies, and to do so without a blush.

Another thing handed down from slavery is petty pilfering, and this abounds upon every hand. It was "no wrong to rob master," especially of anything to eat or drink, for "whether it was outside or inside it was master's all the same." Proprietors with whom I have spoken tell me they cannot cultivate their lands because they would have all their crops stolen.

Then they have no idea of thrift, or the value of time or money. Thousands have forefathers lived just to eat, sleep and work, and were driven to do the latter by lash of whip and torture of punishment. It is recorded that in one of the great fires of Kingston, a young girl was burned to death because she was chained, and so could not escape. History says:—"The free sec of the whip was perfectly legal, and the slave code was cruel in the extreme. It gave the masters unlimited power, and sanctioned some of the most horrid atrocities ever tolerated by law. Striking a white man, having stolen goods in possession, and many other similar offences were punished with death, or any other punishment the judges or magistrates thought fit to inflict." Passing by tortures which must be nameless, "legs were cut off, or one or both ears, noses were split or otherwise mutilated." A case is recorded of three men in St. Ann's who had their ears and noses cut off, and received thirty-nine lashes every Sunday for three weeks.

Idol worship still exists among the people, and some are as ignorant of the true knowledge of a Saviour as though He never died upon Calvary to save the masses, the more we recognize the need of active Christian workers to combat the powers of darkness. Who will come over and help us?

Already there have been signs of rich spiritual showers of blessing, and whilst thousands have been convinced of sin, hundreds have been saved. Some of our ministerial brethren acknowledge that the lives of most of their followers are inconsistent with their professions, and say that they have very few amongst them who will repose any confidence in or trust them, and so are encouraged in their craftiness.

What are the prospects of the Salvation Army in Jamaica? will naturally be asked. We have only been here seven months, and during that time have had everything, humanly speaking, against us—prejudices, creeds, customs, etc., yet have had abundant evidence that God is no respecter of persons, and can change the hearts of men and women wherever His Son is lifted up. Some have recently been married who have lived together in sin for many years, whilst others have elected to lead a single life rather than grieve God by being unequally yoked together.

Everybody knows that Jamaica is celebrated for its rum. There are hundreds "rum shops" licensed to sell liquid damnation, and we are informed that in the lowlands where the sugar estates are, proof spirit is given away by the gallon, despite the vigilance of the Revenue officers. "Look here," says the still-house loafer, "Tight be jolly, I'm a Good Templar, but you give me a sixpence to pump up dander, it means a pint of rum; and when I say a shilling, I mean a bottle." Thus it is that men women and children drink rum, although drunkenness is not *the* sin of Jamaica.

Then tobacco grows wild here, and is also largely cultivated. You may get a thousand cigars of native manufacture for fifteen shillings, and the tobacco leaves, when dried and twisted, at about threepence a yard. It is a common thing to see little boys of eight or ten years of age smoking in the streets; and a great many of the women smoke, too.

Yet since the Salvation Army has been here, hundreds of men and women have given up both rum and tobacco for the love of Christ, and many others have heard for the first time in their lives that God requires them to do the same. A gentleman showed me a letter he had received the other day from one of our native soldiers, saying how he had found Christ through the Salvation Army, and now wished to be pardoned for some past misconduct, and to pay back some money that, unknown to mortal, he had stolen in years gone by. The gentleman freely forgave him, and now believes in his conversion.

The sick, the dying and the poor are seeking us night and day. People throug us in the street to know the way of salvation; and we are besought to hold meetings in all directions. In jails where there are no chaplains, in hospitals, in workhouses and almhouses, where nobody ever tells the inmates of Christ crucified—in districts where the people hunger and thirst for the tidings, and upon whom they we go, as supernatural messengers from heaven.

What we want are men and means, and with these a glorious future is before us. The first day of this month is the jubilee of the emancipation of the people from slavery. As God inclined the British people to give their money to purchase the freedom of the slaves fifty years ago, so now I pray He will incline their hearts to do their best to free the Island from a worse slavery than that of chains and prison bars, bad as that was, that He may open the way for the General to spend fifty others from England, who shall win this people over to the King, and eventually raise the standard of the Salvation Army in the other West India islands, and in parts of South America where the devil has it all his own way.

We do not ask for money to support officers after their arrival here. Although the work is hard, provisions dear, and money scarce, the people will willingly supply all our needs.

Who will help us to save Jamaica?

INDIA and CEYLON.

The Colombo Prison Gate Work is attracting the attention of all classes in the country.

A correspondent of the *Observer* says:—

"By all means, let the Government assist the Salvation Army in getting up the Brigade. In this way the Army does more good than the police."

A gentleman connected with the Government has sent a cheque for one hundred rupees and the Inspector of Prisons has written that he sympathizes with the Army's interest in discharged criminals, and refers our comrades to the superintendent of the convict establishment, who will give every assistance as to the circumstances of the criminals in Ceylon.

* * *

A soldier of Umballa tells in touching language of a cursed and ruined boyhood from smoking, which was but the preliminary step to drink, then to swearing. So much in the toils of the drink devil was he, "though a boy," that even the sight of his father's dead face, and mother's bent weeping form, did not move him; but he felt the sense of death and sorrow in murder of heart than when he entered it. He rushed back to his evil haunts, until at last, turned out of work and desperate, he thought to end himself by taking the "Queen's shilling." He enlisted as a soldier and was drafted out with some more to India, still a drunkard, still a swearer, and still a smoker. Running away from his country did not save him. He joined the Sons of the Good Templars, thinking that would cure him; but though abstaining from the drink for awhile, his swearing and smoking redoubled, until God in His mercy guided his steps, creeping into a Salvation Army meeting at Umballa on 29th April last. Now his testimony is, "I am saved from all sin. Thank God for the Salvation Army!"

* * *

"Since we opened fire on Cowmoor," writes the officers in charge, "many are under deep conviction; and, heat of all, many have sought and found the Saviour to the joy of their hearts. A dear woman came to our house and got saved; a man came to our house and got saved; a woman came to our meeting we were in debt, she went and sold some of her jewellery and brought us ten rupees. One man, after his conversion brought a friend to our quarters to get saved; and, hallelujah! he went away rejoicing! knowing his sins were all forgiven. One evening four came boldly out to give themselves to God, and afterwards testified that they were saved. The people crowded round to hear the convicted man written on many faces. Hallelujah! the hills shall belong to Jesus.

"While not begging the people, are very kind; they give us rice and money; no one turns us away. One Hindoo asked us to his house, and we prayed with him; he made us promise we would call again and see his wife. As we were returning home, the people called us to go to their houses as they had rice waiting for us.

"In Friday evening's meeting a dear Hindoo woman was deeply convicted, but was afraid to come out. She could get no peace; so on Saturday she came to our quarters and got beautifully saved. In the night meeting she gave her testimony: "I have been attending The Salvation Army, and on Friday night I felt very miserable; so on Saturday I went to the officer's quarters and got properly saved. Now I am happy. I know my sins are all pardoned. Hallelujah!"

"The same night four came out and went away rejoicing in Jesus. Sunday was a day of power; many were deeply convicted. One man got up three times to come out to the penitent-form, but his friends held him back, and laughed at him. We are continuing and praying to see him come soon on the Lord's side. One lad came out and God pardoned him; two dear little girls followed. God bless the children and our them in bringing their parents to Himself."

* * *

The Umballa District Superintendent of police writes:—"I was much pleased yesterday to meet two of the Army officers in the city. It was so cheering a sight to see a Hindoo and a Mohammedan, arm in arm, in brotherly love, unsupported by Europeans, proclaiming Christ the Saviour of the world." The Salvation Army is bound to win.

* * *

The following extract from a letter written by Colonel Weerasooriya's father, gives a chapter hitherto unwritten, from his home life. As most of our readers know, this consecrated father has three other children in the Indian war.

"After I got converted, for a year's time I was in the same spirits, [as his son] but at last was disappointed, because ministers

THE WAR IN OTHER LANDS

Jamaica—Past and Present.

COLONEL DAVEY.

said, 'You cannot do this religious work so soon, you must have patience, build churches, open schools, etc.' And when I heard these things my heart had become cooled and I left the religious work as it might be. I thought if my son went to Madras it would be just the same with him. However, shortly after he arrived in Madras he wrote me and said that he had joined a people just of the same mind as himself. They were like the Apostles of old. A little while after he sent me his photo dressed just like a common coolie. On seeing this all our family began to weep, and the house was just like a dead house. Then again I wrote a letter to Mr. Tucker asking him to make my son wear shoes on his feet as he had always been accustomed to it from his childhood. Mr. Tucker wrote saying he was also waiting till his feet got hardened to throw off his shoes, so he cannot advise Arnolis to wear shoes. Afterwards I got some other letters from him when they were in Gujarat and different other places. By these letters I gathered that their work was prospering, but I could clearly see that they had a lot of sorrows and troubles to endure for our blessed Master. At last he wrote me to say he was coming to Colombo on a certain day, so I went to Colombo to meet them. I found them to be regular fakirs, and I thought at any rate I must make him change his dress. Mr. Tucker, Arnolis and myself got into the coach to come home to see his mother. In the train I said to him, 'Son, look at your hair, it is very shabby; you are foolish to let it grow so long.' But he said, 'Father, don't look at the outside, but look at my heart, how clean it is.' I talked no more.

"When we got down from the coach at Dodandowa, hundreds of people rushed to see this wonderful mystery. In one of their meetings I and my daughter felt our sins and got properly saved. Praise God! Arnolis was called to the Buddhist temple to see his uncle the priest. The priest said, 'I don't like to see you in this awful dress;' and asked him to have another, to which Arnolie said if the priest would permit he would put on a robe and talk of Jesus who cleansed all his sins away. 'No! No!' said his uncle. Then the uncle priest said, 'Arnolis, you are living just the same as our Buddha said you ought to live, you have no lust for the world, also you are humble and patient. But you must not say that it was Christ who altered your mind; you acquired them yourself by your own exertions.' There were at that time twenty priests present and I asked them if any of them possessed these good qualities by their own power. One looked at another, but no one answered.

"From here they proceeded to Galle, and a wonderful work broke out. Many souls were saved. One thing most wonderful occurred here. A rough kicked and beat him, and instead of striking back he kissed the hands of his persecutors and knelt on the road and prayed that God would save them. . . But the fruit of their prayers and tears yet remains to be seen in Galle. I am quite certain that by his life he showed to all the people and all religious sects that he was a true man of God, and he bore the cross of Jesus here till God saw fit to call him to glory. Glory be to God? . . .

"In conclusion I have to remind you that we shall press forward in this glorious work of salvation to meet him in heaven.

"I remain,
"Yours living for the same purpose
that my son died for,
"D. WEERESOORIYE."

• • •

The district of Trichinopoly is progressing wonderfully. The district takes in Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Madura and Tinnevelly; the population comprising over eight million Tamil-speaking people.

This is one of the hotest and most trying districts of India; the heat this summer has been excessive, sometimes over one hundred degrees in the shade.

In Trichinopoly and other places, thousands have been swept away by cholera. At one time, the workmen who were erecting a pandal for us, were, in one day, with one or two exceptions, swept away by this plague. Although the hot season has been very trying to many of our officers, yet God has marvellously preserved them from serious illness.

Our officers in many parts, especially the lasses, are looked upon as angels sent from heaven, and are admitted into the houses of the highest as of the lowest, and in this short space of time a marvellous work has been accomplished. We have now five corps in real working order. One of these has already enrolled over thirty soldiers. We have had many remarkable cases of conversion from Hindooism.

In our meeting lately, in one night, as many as twelve different castes of people testified to the change that God had wrought in them since the coming of the Salvation Army.

We have now twelve splendid young men who have given up their lives to God for this salvation war. They have passed through the Trichy Training Depot, and are now giving promise of immense usefulness in bringing their own countrymen to the Saviour.

Divisional Report

Toronto Division.

BOWMANVILLE.—Capt. E. Williams. Lieut. Hewitt and myself came here last week. There are some blood and fire soldiers who gave us a real Salvation welcome. God bless them. Good meetings all day Sunday, four wanderers returned to the Saviour. May God save many more.

COURTICE.—Capt. P. Corneill. Thank God for the wonderful victories in our own souls. After bidding the soldiers and friends good-bye in Unionville, away for our new field of labor, and thank God after arriving here we find some real blood and fire soldiers and kind-hearted friends that seem to be willing to stand by us and help us do anything to roll the old chariot along. May God bless them. We are believing for victory.

MOUNT ALBERT. — Lieut. Moss. Bless God, this morning finds me well saved and rejoicing in a Saviour that is able to save and to keep. After bidding farewell to our comrades and friends at Unionville we received marching orders for Mount Albert; arriving here on Thursday we found some good soldiers and some kind friends. God bless them and keep them true. And on Sunday we had the Lord in our midst from seven in the morning until we closed at night. We claimed His promise and He was true to His word, for He did abundantly pour out His Spirit upon us and it made our hearts rejoice to see one wanderer come back to the fold and promise to be true to God.

OSHAWA.—Capt. E. Smale. Our God knows no defeat. We have been obeying His command this past week by going into the highways and hedges compelling the people to hear of the great marriage supper of the Lamb. Not being allowed to go into the open air on Sunday, we meet in an upper room, and being there in one accord the Spirit of God came and filled our souls so that we were not able to contain it, consequently some one else got the overflow. One soul came for pardon and received it. To God be all the glory.

SUTTON.—Capt. Cooke. We are still firing the Gospel guns here and sinners are feeling the effects. Last night two lads who had left Jerusalem to go to Jericho and had fallen among thieves (as all who leave their Father's house do) who robbed them of their joy, their peace, their good name, their self-control, their all and left them sick and wounded, came to the Saviour to be restored to a place in the family, and, hallelujah to Jesus! He took them in, bound up their wounds, set them on the rock and sent them home rejoicing. Others were deeply wounded but would not come to the great Physician, and of course are miserable. We are believing soon to see them returning home.

TORONTO I. (Richmond St.)—Capt. Gage. We are glad that we can report victory through the Blood. Although the attendance at our in doors' meeting has been small, owing to the hot weather and the camp-meetings, the power of God was with us and was manifested by laying hold of men and women and showing them their sinful lives, and, praise His name, five came trembling to the cross, and just like Jesus he whispered, "I will, be thou clean."

Hamilton Division.

DUNDAS. — Capt. Joe. Thompson. "This has been the best day I've ever spent," said one of my comrades at the close of last night's meeting. He was right, for he had been in the fountain in the morning Holiness-meeting and laid self and feeling on the altar. A backslider also came home in the same meeting. Afternoon in the park was beautiful, nice crowd, blessed Spirit and real Free-and-easy. One lad says, "I know I'm saved, for I was there when it was done." A lass said, "This is just beautiful." A Methodist steps into the ring and says, "I'm glad I'm in this Army," then we all sang, led by him, "We are bound for the better land." Ever so many more testified and sang choruses, solos, duetts, etc. It was good to be there. What a crowd gathered at our Open-air at night on the market, and oh how they did listen; something must result from it. We had a real lively Free-and-easy inside for a change; it was good and another prodigal stepped into the Fountain.

ST. CATHARINES. — Capt. Merrett. The work goes on here, especially in the open air, and God is blessing our labors. We have some grand times, and get many of the citizens to our Open-airs who would not come to our barracks. Yesterday, it being very warm, we closed our hall in the afternoon and went to the free park where we had a fine crowd, good order and as good a meeting as ever we were in. This seems to be a sowing season with us and we do not see much fruit at present, but it is certain we are doing good, and no doubt shall yet see mighty victories. We are confident that success will yet crown our efforts. "There's a good time coming; it's almost here." Keep believing, and everybody pray for St. Kitts.

WELLAND.—Cadet A. S. Creamer. "Victory through the blood of Jesus" is the song we now feel like singing. Truly the Lord has been with us. This week has been a blessed time to our souls, and on Sunday night one poor, miserable sinner came to Christ, and as far as we know had the witness that his sins which were many were pardoned. God keep him true, is our prayer. We are believing for many more to follow. Amen.

London and Stratford Division.

GLENCOE.—Capt. L. Boyler. This week we are able to shout victory through the blood of the Lamb. Glory be to God; we are a match for the devil any time with Jesus by our side. While one of our comrades was walking down the street the other day, four young men were sitting in front of the hotel; they stopped him and asked him if the society he belonged to was secret. He said "No, not by any means, it was open for all"; then they asked him what was the fee, and he said "Nothing, only a full surrender for a full salvation." Glory be to God, salvation is full and free for all who will accept it, "Whosoever will may come," and those who come Jesus will in nowise cast out.

MITCHELL.—Lieut. Baker. Souls for Jesus; that is what we are come to Mitchell for, and, praise God, we are going to have them, because Jesus said, "If you abide in Me and My word abide in you, you shall ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you." Thank God we Salvationists believe God's word. Although things looked rather tough the first night, only two grown-up people in the hall to preach to, praise God He has a few faithful soldiers here that are not afraid of the devil. Our meetings were good all day Sunday; good crowds and deep conviction. At the night meeting four came to the penitent form and asked Jesus to take their sins away, and so He did, according to His promise.

SEAFORTH.—Capt. New. Since we last wrote, our experience has been a varied one. Last Sunday night week, after meeting, we heard of the death of one of our soldiers' little children, and was asked would we conduct the funeral service. Of course we readily said "yes." So on Monday (they living out in the country about five miles) off we go for a tramp. The funeral service was indeed a very impressive one, and the loss of the dear little child has drawn the parents and others closer to the Lord. On Thursday night we dedicated another comrade's child to the Lord and the war. That, too, was a meeting of power and influence, the sinners feeling they ought to dedicate themselves to God, but they still hardened their hearts against the strivings of the Holy Spirit. Friday night, whilst a terrific thunderstorm was going on outside, we were having a beautiful time in our Holiness meeting, although we could scarcely hear each other speak, and had to sing most of the time, but it was a blessed time to our souls. Sunday afternoon we had a big bush meeting in Mayor Beattie's grove, the best we have had, for crowd, collection, power and influence. At night a monster meeting in barracks, led by Capt. Hough, one soul saved at the close, the devil defeated, God glorified.

THEDFORD. — Capt. Nellie Prince. Since our last report we have had some glorious times here. Three wanderers have returned to the fold and promised God they would be true. After six months' working for Jesus, we say good-bye. God bless you comrades, live holy lives before the world and victory shall be yours.

Woodstock Division.

ACTON.—Capt. Stubbs. This morning we can still praise God over victory in our own souls. Bless God for ever. As for people coming to the Lord, they have not come yet, and should we never see the fruits of our labor we will always do our duty in warning them. On Wednesday, as we laid our brother officer to rest, many souls were led to see their need of a Saviour. Many had associated with Capt. H. McDonald, both in sin and in righteousness. Some have proved true and some have turned back. Many were brought back to the time when he faithfully delivered them the message of salvation. Some, as they stood breast to breast as salvation soldiers, and many hearts cried out for the joy they once had, but still they are hardening their hearts. May God help them to settle the all important question is the prayer of our hearts, that they too may be ready at death's hour. We realize it's nice to die in the harness. We do not mourn but rejoice over the victory our comrade has obtained. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The funeral services were conducted by Capts. Gnaedinger Lewis and Lieut. F Wood. We all resolved to be true too. May God help us. Amen.

BERLIN.—Capt. Gnaedinger. "Well, how are you getting along?" is very often asked of us. Well, glory to God, we can tell you we are well in soul and rolling right along. See our numbers, how they are swelling, for on Saturday evening, as had previously been announced, D. O. Baugh was to the front, and we had the pleasure of witnessing together, with a good hall of people, five more soldiers stand to the front and sworn in under the blood to live and die for Jesus in the great S.A. On Sunday we began with good knee-drill, and finished up with a lovely time. In the evening in our prayer meeting, oh how God did speak, and the windows of heaven seemed to be thrown wide open. God came so near we were with one accord. "Its good for our soul to be here," and although our meeting was grand, yet we had to close without seeing any souls saved, but we believe there was a good work done. We want Berlin for Jesus, for victory is sure while we fight in the strength of our King.

ELORA.—Capt. T. Coombs. Arrived here Thursday, found things looking very dark, only a handful of soldiers to stand by me, but having the promise of God, "I will be with thee always." The first two nights it seemed as dark as it possibly could. On Sunday morning some comrades from Fergus came over to help, and all day the beams of light seem to be breaking in upon the people. In the afternoon there was a good number in the building. At night it was nearly filled, and God's spirit moved their hearts. It could be seen there was some that wanted to be saved. A sister did come, and after pleading with God, stood up and said she had found Jesus. Go in, comrades, there is brighter days for Elora. Every comrade pray for this place.

GUELPH.—Capt. Woodgate. This morning I feel I can thank God from my heart for what he is doing for us. It is only four days that I have been in this city, and in that time we have seen a little of the working of God's hand. We have had some very good meetings. Sunday was a blessed day to my soul. The Holiness meeting was one of power, where three came for the blessing and one for salvation. The marching, though so hot, was just grand; the band boys stuck at their post well. Inside we had a happy time, and two souls came to God. Again at night, before the meeting, we spent thirty to forty minutes on our knees asking God for souls. So we gave out the song, and believing for souls, and at the end two came out, making five for the day. We ended the day's work with a good march around the barracks. To God be all the glory.

INGERSOLL.—Capt. Syer. We arrived on Thursday and found things in good shape for work. Blessed meetings since. Yesterday (Sunday), blessed times from early morning to the close. God with us, and one got the burden lifted. Our prayer is that he may be kept true and to God's will. We are looking to God, and knowing he is with us, we feel sure of victory.

NORWICH.—Lieut. E. Wright. Arrived Thursday night and found some comrades who gave us a hearty welcome. Bless God for a salvation that makes friends of strangers. Good meetings all along. God's presence in our midst. The heat is so great that not many come to the meetings, but we are keeping right in our souls, and God is blessing us. Sunday night, two who were wandering from the fold, were found knocking for admittance again, and of course Jesus never refuses pardon to a contrite heart. We are praying that they may be real soldiers. Amen. God save Norwich.

Ottawa Division.

ALMONTE. — Capt. J. McKee. Although the fighting has been somewhat hard for some time past, we have proved that, "My grace shall be sufficient," is a promise true. On Wednesday evening we had with us Adjt. Marshall and Capt. Goodwin, and although conviction rested on the people, none would yield. On Friday as we pled with sinners to give God their hearts one poor wanderer tired of the husks came to be fed from Father's table and, praise His name, He took her home again. We mean Almonte for Jesus.

KEMPTVILLE. — Capt. McKenzie. For almost seven months we have fought hand in hand, side by side trying to conquer the foe. This morning we have got orders to say farewell to our precious comrades, God bless them. Since this town has been opened we can praise God for victory in our own souls and all along the line. Monday night we farewelled at the out-post, Oxford Mills. God bless the people there, they are very kind to the Army and love to get the WAR CRY. The chariot still rolls along, and since last report two souls and a backslider have came home to their Father's house. The dear soldiers are in for continued victory, and their war motto is "Kemptville for Jesus!"

MORRISBURG.—Capt. Viner. Souls have been proving here this past week that "There is life for a look at the Crucified One." Yes, at this present day the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force. A number have proved that His name is still Jesus, that He still saves from sin. As we have seen souls grasping so eagerly the truth and promises of God, we have been led to say, "Praise the Lord all His saints and laud Him all His people."

PEMBROKE.—Capt. E. White. No doubt the friends everywhere would like to know how we are getting along in Pembroke. We would reply "good." God still hears prayer, and more, He answers. This past week has been blessed, we have had our little trials and troubles but have come off more than conquerors. One of last Sunday night's converts brought her husband Monday night, and unsaved though he was, she had him on the march, and in the meeting he got blessedly saved. While at the penitent form he pulled out two little devils, a briar and a clay, and was soon rejoicing, and has been ever since. A young woman also came and made her peace with God. Many more are coming soon. Hallelujah!

RENFREW.—Capt. Keith. Here we are in Renfrew. Took charge on the 2nd August and was met at the station by some soldiers and the drums; had a march to the quarters, which we were glad to see, for we felt so hot, dusty and dirty and tired out after travelling. Had a good meeting at night, which was slightly disturbed by a drunken man, who after the meeting was over pulled off his coat and wanted to fight. We had a big time WAR CRY selling on Saturday. Sunday meetings were good. We were stoned on the march. Hallelujah! We had no souls out but many wanted to come. Oh! how longingly they looked at the penitent form. None yielded. We mean to go in and do as much as the little strength we have will let us and trust in God for the rest.

WEST WINCHESTER.—Capt. Keith. After laboring here faithfully we have received marching orders. Oh, how we have worked and prayed; during our stay we have seen one hundred and fourteen precious souls crying for mercy. God has blessed us much while here, we have had good meetings and beautiful times. Yesterday two souls in the afternoon; getting up from the penitent form one young man handed us a cigar holder and a cigarette (oh, the little devils): the other was an elderly man, "Friends, you all know me here, I have lived in West Winchester for thirty years and I was the wickedest man that ever walked, but, thank God, He has saved me this afternoon." Half-past seven found us on our knees at "Uncle Dave's" house; oh, what a prayer meeting, about thirty people praying out loud at one time, God met with us. Our farewell meeting was noted for one thing—handkerchiefs, tears, and red eyes, and four souls at the penitent form. In looking over the audience we could see by their faces and tears that many hearts were beating in sympathy with ours. Our hearts went out in prayer that their hearts might beat in sympathy with the great big heart of Jesus. We are walking with Jesus alone. We can report eleven souls for the week. Victory through Jesus' blood.

Montreal and Quebec Division.

DANVILLE.—Capt. Cardiff. Praise God this morning we can report victory, a real good time with God all week at the Siding. Wednesday night was grand, when all in the meeting seemed to feel their lost condition, we are believing for a smash soon. Yesterday (Sunday) we had a day of power, Christians weeping for joy and sinners weeping on account of sin. Some in their testimony told of the peace they had got since coming to the meetings. God bless them all, Jesus has sent us to bind up the broken hearted and proclaim liberty to the prisoners. There are many broken hearts in Danville but the Blood will heal them if they only come.

NORTH COATICOOK. — Capt. M. Gamey. Since our last report we have said good-bye to our dear comrades of Waterloo and this week finds us with our comrades at N. Coaticook. God bless them, we feel quite at home in their midst and as we met together yesterday (Sunday) God was with us in mighty power, and although no one came to Jesus still we feel sure there was a work done. We mean this place for Jesus.

RICHMOND. — Capt. A. Jones. In looking over the past week we have not very many results to report, but we bless God for what we have seen. On Thursday night we had Major Spooner and Staff-Capt. Simco with us and had a good time, many went away from the building deeply convicted, and, bless God, one backslider came back to his Father's house. We mean to go on in the strength of God to help win Richmond for our God.

STANSTEAD JUNCT.—Capt. Soper. Victory! is the song we sing. After nearly eight months fighting we received orders to farewell. Our faith ran high for a farewell amongst the sinners, but all day Sunday we toiled and caught nothing, still we hung on to God, and Wednesday, as we said good-bye, we could see many longing to be able to sing "Good-bye, old devil, good-bye." Good meeting all through; as each one spoke God backed the words home with power and when the net was drawn in there were four good big fish, bless the Lord. All left determined to be true to God and do His will. Our prayer is that God will keep the dear ones true and save many more. We do pray that God will give our successors many mighty victories.

Barrie Division.

BARRIE.
CAPT. WATSON.

It is a long time since you heard from us, over six months I believe. We are just giving you the time to save you the trouble; however, God is with us, and His continual presence cheers us, realizing it is not the thunder that kills but the lightening. Have had some blessed times with God since coming here, the work done by our beloved predecessors remains solid and good, glory be to God forever. The old Barrie warriors went in hand in hand with us and we are fighting together for God and souls and are seeing results of our labor. The evenings are warm but we have good meetings in the open-air and good collections when we make them. God bless and save Barrie is our prayer, and for this we work and pray.

BEETON.
CAPT. ASHTON.

Our last soldiers meeting together in Orillia was truly a blessed time to our souls as we covenanted with our God to be true to Him, to the Army, its officers, and each other, we felt it was good to be there. One poor backslider came to the door, and on gaining admission came straight to the penitent form, and after a hard struggle got the victory. Been a backslider two years and had a miserable time indeed. Orders for Beeton came along and on Thursday afternoon the soldiers met for a march, singing songs of salvation all the way from the barracks to the station. Arriving at B—— I am met by — nobody, etc., all the usual difficulties in a station that has been closed for a time for lack of officers, but we soon let the people see and hear the soldiers are not all dead yet but fighting away at the common enemy of souls. One soldier at open-air on Saturday night and nine on Sunday afternoon, and grand meetings all the time for Jesus is with us. Hallelujah, we have come to stay.

COLDWATER.
CAPT. S. H. COPP.

This morning finds us nicely saved and determined to fight the battle through. Last week while out visiting I met a sister who for a long time had resisted the strivings of God's spirit, but while praying with her she was completely broken down and wept over a life of sin. After praying earnestly for a few minutes she said, "I feel better," Jesus had come to reign in her heart. I left telling her not to trust in feelings but in the all-atoning blood of Jesus, that washes white as snow. Good meetings all week, to God be all the glory. Our motto is "Onward and upward."

CREEMORE.
CAPT. COATH.

We have no great wonders to report this week but can say that it has been a drawing near time and some blessed lessons have been learned which we believe will be of much profit to us in the future if God spares us. We have been kept by the power from above but that is quite a common thing to those who trust God, for we never found it any other way, bless His name. We are glad to say also we are steadily creeping upward towards the ways of God for they are so much higher then our ways, and we love to get near Him; we have already got personally acquainted with Him, Hallelujah!

MEAFORD.
LIEUT. WRIGHT.

Still alive and at work for God, although no visible results since last report. The Spirit of God did seem to be convicting. One old lady whom we visited last week and as we warned and urged upon her the importance of yielding herself to God we believe the truth went home to her soul.

MIDLAND.
LIEUT. STEPHENS.

We are glad we can report victory through the blood of Jesus. In the past two weeks God has been with us in the meetings and believe that much good has been done for the Kingdom. During that time five precious souls have been brought from nature's darkness into God's most wonderful light. All day on Sunday we felt God with us in spirit and in truth; in the nights meeting, while farewelling from the people of Midland, where we have labored for over seven months, we were glad to see two precious souls farewell from sin and the devil and come over on the Lord's side; Jesus took them in and pardoned all their sins and set them on their way rejoicing.

OWEN SOUND.
CAPT. LUDGATE.

Though unable to report any souls saved this week yet our meetings have been times of profit and blessing. We had a reversible meeting on Wednesday night, which took everybody by surprise. We had the seats turned facing the doors with the soldiers near the door; we had a good meeting and we are believing to see the results of it in eternity. Sunday, all day, was grand, and as Father Millen told us his experience of nearly fifty years as a follower of the Lord Jesus it made a profound impression on the people, and though in the prayer meeting several sat and wept over their sins yet no one would yield, but we are not a bit discouraged for we know the seed has been sown and will bring forth fruit in due time, Hallelujah.

Eastern Division.

St. John District.

ST. JOHN III. (Waterloo St.)—Cadet A. King. Bless God, this morning we can shout victory through the blood of Jesus. We have been having good meetings all week. God is indeed blessing us in our own souls and saving. This past week we have seen two sinners start for the Kingdom of Heaven and three made a full surrender of their all to God, and our faith runs high for many more who are now living in sin. We have some blessed times visiting. God is indeed crowning our labors with success. While we were visiting on Friday afternoon we dealt with the people about their souls; one dear woman felt her need of Salvation and gave up all her sins, and glory to God He blessedly saved her. To God be all the Glory, the T. H. girls mean more than ever to live for God and precious souls. We had Major Margetts and Capt. Fortner with us on Sunday afternoon, and in the evening our "Mother" was present and God spoke through her to the people, but none would yield.

WOODSTOCK.—Capt. Palmer. I'm on the war path once more after a long rest. I am fighting away against the Devil though he does not like it one bit. Our meetings are good. Yesterday was grand, one soul and one backslider came to the bleeding Lamb of God. Our Open-airs are beautiful, and it would do you good to see all classes and grades drinking in the Gospel truth. The soldiers and officers are determined to win. We are leaning on the Mighty One.

Moncton District.

CAMPBELLTON.—Capt. M. Wilcox. Hallelujah! the 191st Canadian Corps is still in for victory, and thank God we are having it. This past week God has been speaking in a wonderful manner. Saturday night in our Saved Drunkards' meeting we had a most wonderful time, the blessed influence of His Spirit was felt and realized in every heart as we dealt with the people for eternity, two souls and one backslider volunteered out for pardon, and just like Jesus, he took them in and freely forgave the past. They all three rose and sang from their hearts "I can, I will and I do believe that Jesus saves me now." We are believing for great things in the future, and we feel confident something will surely have to give way when the Campbellton soldiers begin to pray, so look out.

DOUGLASTOWN (Newcastle Outpost).—Lieut. Fradsham. Since last report we can truly say we've been "sticking at it." We are still firing away at the old devil, and one dear man who saw the danger of serving such a master left his ranks and came to fight for King Emmanuel. We know that something must give way when the people of God begin to pray.

NEWCASTLE.—Capt. Milner. We are still on the move and gaining ground on the enemy. God is helping us wonderfully, especially in our Open-air meetings. As our hall was engaged one night last week we went out in our Father's Cathedral and had three beautiful meetings; the little attack made by the devil only inspire our soldiers with more of the warrior spirit. We are in for victory.

Prince Edward Island District.

GEORGETOWN.—Lieut. Welsh. We can praise God for victory in our own souls and for more of a determined spirit to fight for Him. Our meetings have been very good all the week, and yesterday (Sunday) we had a blessed time, the power of God was felt in every meeting, deep conviction too but no visible results were seen, but we do believe there was a work done in the hearts of some of the people. Prayer and faith is sure to bring the victory.

MONTAGUE BRIDGE.—Cadet R. Wiseman. It is some time since you heard from this part of the field, but since last report we have been having some wonderful times. Although being alone for some time my heart has been gladdened by seeing two precious souls coming to the Saviour for pardon, and I believe they are on the solid Rock. Many souls I believe have been brought to see their lost state, and although not seeing much fruit we rejoice because God is giving us the victory in our own souls. We are praying and believing that Montague yet will be the slain of the Lord.

Halifax District.

TRURO. CAPT. GOUGH. We have only time for a few words this morning. The fighting during the week has been rather hard, and we have met with opposition from those who should be one with us in our work, but nevertheless God has helped us to deal out the truth with such effect that four backsliders and five prisoners have been won from the enemy.

WESTVILLE. CADET E. MOORE. With those of the Valley, some forty miles distant, we can thank God for the quiver which is visible mid'st the "dry bones" of this place. All day yesterday we had God with us, and as He revealed His wondrous love and the realities of eternity, in many eyes were seen the glistening tear, longing for knowledge of sins forgiven. Yet, with the exception of one poor prodigal who met her Father, the answer came as oft before, "I would be saved, but not to night." The interest here is steadily rising, and we are believing and praying for a mighty awakening.

Yarmouth District.

CANNING.—Capt. Duston. We often hear say Canning is a tough place, and so it is. Rum, tobacco and the devil seems to have full swing, but bless God there is a few who will stand for God and right. Amid it all, a little more solid dealing with God will bring victory.

YARMOUTH.—Capt. Frazer. Again the shouts of victory are heard, and Jesus steps to the front and stretches His Almighty arm down in the pit of sin and misery and brings up some more precious jewels who were long sunk in despair, and after a little washing in the Blood and polishing with His spirit, they shine forth to deck the diadem of our King. The Army is going on to victory here and marching forth with all the boldness of princes and princesses to conquer this town for Jesus, and we even see the result on every hand. Hypocrites are feeling uneasy, respectable moralists are falling from their lofty position (as the platform they have been standing on is dashed to pieces), and black-hearted sinners are trembling and kneeling at the Cross, and with one look at its Sufferer their burden rolls away. Some of the Scribes and Pharisees a few months ago said, "The Army will soon go down down," but thank God, we ever brand them as false prophets, and instead of sinking an inch, we, through the power of God, are going up! up!! up!!! Feathers and flowers, etc., have hung their gaudy heads and taken a step to the rear, while Hallelujah bonnets have come to the front and let the world and the devil see their owners belonged to God. Oh, what a change! Broken hearts are being healed, drunkards reclaimed, and places where sin once abounded are breaking forth in songs of joy, and prodigals are returning homeward. God is working. This week we can report eight more souls who have stepped out of the gloom of their sins and found liberation and light for their souls. We believe this is only the droppings of the shower, and that very soon the deluge of salvation is coming, when many more will be swept into the haven of rest to be found in Jesus. Hallelujah!

Newfoundland District.

BRIGUS.—Captain Fry. We have been faithfully warning the people of the danger of putting off salvation, but they harden their hearts and refuse to heed the call of God. Last night we closed our meeting without any visible results, although many were almost persuaded. As we were going down the aisle one of the soldiers said, "Captain, B—— says you closed too soon. He wants to get saved." "It's not too late now" was my answer, "Will you come now?" "Yes, Captain," and down on our knees we got to plead with God in the behalf of the returning prodigal. Although all the lights were out but one, the light from God soon streamed into his soul, and he was able to rise and sing, "Gone is my burden, etc." We are believing for more shortly.

BURIN.—Capt. T. Collier. We have had another week of victory, and thank God four more souls found Jesus. We held our Sunday afternoon meeting in the open air and had a grand crowd and a good meeting, and believe much good was done. We are going by any and every lawful means to help save the people of this place, and get them ready for the royal marriage supper of the Lamb.

CATALINA.—Capt. Wheeler. Praise God this morning finds us happy in Jesus and we can report victory through the Lamb of Calvary. Since we arrived here, we as well as the angels of heaven can rejoice over seeing thirteen sin-sick souls fall at the Cross and find peace. They found out at last that there was nothing in the world to satisfy, so they left their all with Jesus who had promised to carry all their burdens. We're believing very soon to see those that to-day are marching down to hell, marching beneath the blood-stained banner of Christ, and we believe Jesus shall have the sway, and like Him who died the world to save, we'll never run away. We know if we live at the Saviour's feet as little children, victory is ours. We pray that God will awaken the people of Catalina before it's too late. Victory or death!

GREENSPOND.—Captain Chapman. The people here are very kind to us. We are not very numerous in ourselves just now, only a few sisters left to storm the forts, but in spite of many discouragements we find them all ready for new attacks night after night. The Lord is very near us, and by his help one prisoner has been captured during the past week, and we are sure of victory for we fight in the strength of our King.

HANT'S HARBOUR. Capt. Collins. We have been here six weeks, yet cannot report souls saved, but we are doing our best to tell of the Saviour's wonderful love for sinners and His willingness to cleanse the vilest, and to make them feel that Jesus really does love them although they have wandered so far away from the fold, and also to warn them of the danger of living in sin. We are glad to see them softening, and hope very soon to rejoice with the angels in heaven over wanderers returning to their Father's home.

TWILLINGATE.—Capt. Hoar. War is still raging in this part of the field, and as usual, the soldiers of Jesus are winning. Since our last report the enemy has been driven back, and nine of his followers surrendered themselves during the engagements and applied for pardon, which was immediately granted. A few of these engagements were held in the open air, the drum-head being the place where the conditions of peace were signed. Many more were wounded that we expect to capture shortly. We have the right sort of ammunition and mean to obey our commander. In life or death we are sure of victory through Him. Hallelujah.

WESTERN HEAD (Outpost).—Lieut. Manuel. Since arriving here we have had some good meetings. Although most of the people are away to Labrador, yet thank God, with the few left behind we have some good times together. On Sunday, 15th, we had good meetings all day, and at night one sister sought and found Jesus to the joy of her soul. Again on the following Wednesday another sister wept her way to the feet of Jesus, and it was not long before she could sing with the rest of us, "From my weary heart the burden rolled away." On Tuesday night, 24th we had with us Capt. Hoar, from Twillingate, and of course had a good crowd to our meeting, and everybody went in for a real good time. Not only did we get blessed in our own souls, but we rejoiced over seeing two precious souls at Jesus' feet crying for pardon, and just like Jesus he did not turn them away, but freely forgave both. Then came the wind up, and like all Salvation Army wind-ups, it could'nt end without a war dance, and when the glory gets in the feet, you must let go. To God we give all the glory and still march on.

Palmerston Division.

BLYTH.—Capt. Mallory. We have great reason to praise God for His great goodness to us, also for the reality we feel in our souls of His saving and keeping power. In the past five months we have been fighting here Jesus has been with us. Now when we have to say "good-bye" to soldiers and friends it seems hard, but where He leads we will follow all the way. On farewelling our barracks was crowded with friends and half as many could not get in; our prayer is, "Lord bless and save the people of Blyth."

BRUSSELS.—Capt. S. Smith. We can praise God this morning for His goodness. All day Sunday God was with us in mighty power, we are going in for victory here. Although the devil is trying to have things his own way he is going to get left for the Master we follow is almighty. Glory be to God.

PAISLEY.—Capt. Mallory. Here we are again in the quaint little town of Paisley where we find some Blood-and-fire soldiers for God. We came believing for precious souls and we are not disappointed. Our God gave us the earnest of our labors by giving us two souls in the Fountain and one for cleansing, so this ends our first Sunday in Paisley. To Jesus be all honor and glory. Our prayer is, "Lord, save many more."

PALMERSTON.—Capt. A Watson. Since last we wrote to the WAR CRY we have been getting on real well. When we see the devil raging as he is it makes us more determined to fight and die for King Jesus. Sunday we met for Knee-drill sharp at 7 o'clock, God came upon us in a wonderful manner; we went away feeling it was good for our souls to be there. At half-past ten we met again for march, went out about fifty strong, had a blessed march with God and then returned to the barracks for a heart-searching time, and, sure enough, God came and revealed Himself in a wonderful manner, and as we sang "Speak, Saviour speak, obey Thee I will ever," he spoke, and spoke so loud to one dear man's heart that he arose and came out to the penitent form where God met with him and cleansed his soul from inbred sin. Tobacco was the big devil that was keeping him back but thank God the Blood can cleanse from all things; the afternoon meeting was good, also that at night no one yielded, yet we feel a work was done that shall be revealed in eternity. We give God the praise and glory.

PORT ELGIN.—Capt. A. Miller. We are going forward, although it is very hard. Our crowds are small on account of hot weather, but we are determined to march on. On Wednesday and Thursday Adjt. and wife were here and a child was dedicated to God. Yesterday we had good times, a beautiful meeting in the Park at the Lake. Deep conviction is prevailing and we are believing for a smash.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Capt. Murdock. I arrived here and found a little band of soldiers fighting for King Jesus who never lost a battle. It is a blessed thing to say that in the midst of all difficulties we are

...ely saved and believing for victory. ...ave proved when God works none can hinder, our prayer is God work in this place.

TEESWATER.—Capt. Brokenshire. Monday night finds us holding a meeting at our outpost, and the power of the Holy Ghost was felt in our meeting. As we delivered the message the people were held spell-bound and at the close two sisters knelt at the foot of the Cross and accepted Christ, one had been holding back for a long time but at last yielded and both promised to be soldiers of the great S. A. Hallelujah! On Thursday night we had Adjt. and Mrs. Sweetman with us, also Capt. Yerex and Cadet Jordan from Wroxeter, had a good time. Meetings good yesterday, in the afternoon one brother, a backslider, came back to the fold, making three for the week. God gets all the glory.

WIARTON.—Capt. G. Williams. Hallelujah! we arrived here and have taken our stand amidst the rocks of Wiarton. We are standing on the Rock Christ Jesus and mean Wiarton for our God. The meetings so far have been well attended and good but no souls, however, we are believing and working.

WINGHAM.—Capt. Carahor. Victory! is the glad shout of our hearts this morning as we look over the past week and see how the Lord has been moving on the hearts of the people here. Grand meetings all week, devil defeated and God glorified. Since last report there have been four souls and one backslider and many more almost persuaded. We give God the glory and march on conquering as we go.

Peterboro' Division.

BRIDGENORTH. (Peterboro' Outpost.)—Lieut. Stalliker. Since our last report we have seen five sin-bound slaves weep their way to Calvary and accept Salvation which was awaiting them, and thank God we have heard some of them testify to the cleansing power of God. We are still looking ahead to greater victories than ever. Bridgenorth is a small place, but the people are bent on doing something for God in the way of getting their fallen brothers and sisters to the foot of the Cross.

CAMBRAY.—Lieut. J. Stockton. While visiting the other day a lady said, "Your Army is getting dead," this I do know we are no longer dead but alive unto Jesus Christ. God has been giving us some grand meetings. Yesterday's meetings were grand. Our Holiness-meeting was grand, God came very near and led five out to the front who knelt before God and He did come and teach them. One sister received such a blessing she was led to walk four miles for the next meeting, making eight miles for the day. So we see the meetings are getting better. God has been blessing and saving. We are all believing for better times.

CANNINGTON.—Capt. Hotell. We cannot report any souls saved this morning, but we have been having some blessed times with the Lord. Last night as we bid the people "good-bye" and warned them to flee from the wrath to come. God came very near. Many are on the point of deciding for Christ and with holy living we know that victory is sure.

MILLBROOK.—Capt. Carroy. "Jesus is a present help in time of trouble," said a dear comrade on Sunday as he lay suffering terrible pain. The day before he had fallen off a load of grain while working in the harvest field and broken his leg in three places. I asked the question, "Now suppose you had broken your neck what were your prospects for eternity?" The answer came, "It is well with my soul." Praise God for the reality of full salvation; we need it to be able to say farewell to these dear soldiers and take up our Cross cheerfully and follow Jesus, but His grace is sufficient. Through duties and through trials too, we'll go at His command. The fight has been tough since we came here, but our labour has not been in vain. The comrades have stood by us bravely, God bless them and save many more is our prayer.

NORWOOD.—Capt. Webber. Truly God has helped us, for although the past week has been one of hard fighting, God's great arm has upheld us, and to-day we rejoice in the fact that one prodigal has returned to his Father's house and received a grand welcome. In giving his experience he said that when saved before he only had one devil to fight against, but now he has seven. But we believe that He who kept Mary Magdalene can surely keep him. The devil is at work in this place going about as a roaring lion, and also as an angel of light. Our prayer is that the people will dissolve partnership with him and come to God and get saved. May God hasten the day.

PORT HOPE.—Capt. Mudge. During the past week God has let us see the fruits of our labour by bringing souls to Himself. It is true that the devil has been very busy. God has indeed been working, and as we said good-bye to the people some said good-bye to the devil. Our parting prayer is that the soldiers and Christians may keep marching on, the devil upset and many souls be brought to God. Fight on comrades.

Chatham Division.

COMBER.—Capt. M. Cowan. Arrived here on Friday and found everything booming, and everybody happy, and people waiting with patience to see the new officers. When they saw they were lasses, one man said, "That's one thing I have got against the Salvation Army, I don't think it is right for women to preach." But we have just as good a right to preach as anybody else. Our Father says, "I will instruct thee and I will teach thee." Oh! the precious promises that are recorded in His book. Good crowds and good meetings, but, oh! so many that will not yield. One dear man said, "I would love to be saved, but not to-night." We are believing for victory.

ESSEX CENTRE.—Capt. M. Cowan. After eight months hard fighting among the dear Essex Centre people, we receive orders to farewell to go to labor in another part of the field. It is hard to the flesh, but we are not our own, and we say amen, God has called and we will obey. While in this place the Lord has wonderfully blessed us, and given us souls for our hire. Bless His dear name. While some have proved untrue, thank God for the number that is steadfast. "Oh! Lord, make us real devil defeaters," is our continual prayer, and hasten the day when every house in Essex Centre shall be one of prayer, and every heart a fit temple for the indwelling of Thy holy spirit.

KINGSVILLE.—Capt. Payne. We were looking forward to God, praying and believing for wonderful victories, as the large posters announced the coming of "A Wonderful Typhoon of Salvation," which was to break over Kingsville on July 28th, 29th, 30th, and, most assuredly, it was the greatest time of power and blessing that ever this place experienced in the S. A. history. The power of God was manifest in saving eight precious souls, and convicting a great many more. We judge from results that waves of power and blessing passed over this place, and Christ did a definite work, which cannot but bring forth fruit unto life eternal. Various were the disappointments those meetings had, but it only served to strengthen our hands more than ever for victory.

HIGHGATE.—Lieut. Hilts. "We'll fight till we die and never run away." We are still firing into the enemy's camp, and some of his followers are being wounded but will not come to the great Physician to get their wounds bound up. Still, we are doing our utmost to get them saved, and know our skirts are clear of their blood. Our motto is still onward, forward! We know no defeat, for He that is for us is more than all that can be against us. Glory to God!

RIDGETOWN.—Capt. A. Slote. To God be all the glory. We often say since our last report He has been present convicting sinners of their sin. The brave warriors have kept up a steady fire, and as shot after shot was fired into the enemies ranks, it had a telling effect; the forts were stormed, brought down, and one rebel captured. Our enemy is very sharp, and pretend to be soldiers of the Cross, when they are inwardly soldiers of the devil. Our Captain is almighty and leads against the foe. We are bound to win through God who strengthens us.

WALLACEBURG.—Capt. Churchill. After nearly three months fighting at Leamington, orders came to say good-bye and take charge of Wallaceburg. Of course, we pack up and go. When we arrived we found some Soldiers who are willing to take their stand for God. Had a blessed time on Saturday night in the open-air, also inside, but no one yielded to the claims of God. On Sunday the Spirit of God came upon us at knee-drill, and, praise God, it rested upon us all day. But we were sorry to have to close without seeing anybody coming to Jesus. Yet, we are determined that Christ shall reign.

WINDSOR.—Capt. Goodall. On Tuesday we returned from Kingsville Camp Meeting to find that the Soldiers had been having splendid meetings. We met for Soldiers meeting, and, as it was our last Roll-call, we could not help looking back over the victories that God has given us since coming here over six months ago. I believe the vows made in tears that night are kept. Windsor will go on and be better than ever. God bless them. Wednesday night, good crowds; Capt. Payne and Mrs. Logan with us. Great time in the open-air; it was hard to be heard for bands, steamboat whistles, etc., but our Lord blessed the open-air. Tuesday night grand crowd, not only sinners but Christians of all denominations. We could not help but feel that as long, as the Spirit of Unity reigned, souls might be converted. As we gave the invitation for probably the last time to those dear people, a prodigal sister rushed out and fell at the penitent-form, and while she wept on account of unfaithfulness, a brother volunteered from the back of the hall. May the Lord keep them faithful. Though it seemed hard to part with those we have fought side by side with so long, we know if we are true that after the battle is ended we shall meet in heaven. I do pray that the people of Windsor, with all their Gospel privileges, may one and all be saved. God bless them.

Kingston Division.

BATH.—Capt. L. E. Taylor. In looking over the past six months' fight against every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God we give solid praise for surely He hath triumphed gloriously and given His children some most blessed victories, hallelujah! Praying that God may keep His people true and make bare His arm in the salvation of those still in sin, I leave this place giving Him the glory for helping me do my duty while here.

MILFORD.—Capt. McRae. As we marched out for the first time in this our new station singing "I am so wond'rously saved from sin" we could see that even here in the land of milk and honey, where the grapes grow in beautiful clusters that the enemy is at work sowing tares, and some of these are growing so fast that they can be detected a long way off. We had a solid Salvation meeting last night, building nicely filled and every person I believe was led to see where God wanted them. We are believing for some sheaves.

NEWBURGH.—Capt. Torrence. Although we have not seen any visible results of our meetings this past week, yet we can praise God for what we have felt in our own souls. We have been faithfully sowing the seed and have the promise that we will reap in due season if we faint not. The fighting here is and has been hard, but in the strength of God we have resolved that "when the fight's hard we will never give in," we mean victory.

SEELEY'S BAY.—Capt. J. Parker. We arrived here on the 4th; we marched out at night three strong and a timbrel to supply the music, and as we were passing one of the hotels some one called for us to come and give them a "blow out," we went and held a meeting for them; a few gathered and listened very attentively as we sang and prayed. Sunday morning Holiness-meeting good, afternoon about five in the hall, at night about thirty-five present. Hallelujah! we wound up the day with no souls, but still believing for still greater things.

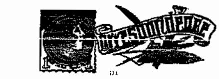
North-West & British Columbia Division.

MINNEDOSA.—Capt. Arkett. We feel like shouting this morning. God has been in our midst and that to save. Yesterday was a grand day in our experience; one sister in the Holiness-meeting said she had served God years ago, but had lost the peace and in the prayer-meeting came and gave herself to God. At night was the time, testimonies went home to the hearts of the unsaved, many were convicted and as the soldiers laid hold of the promise, God honored their faith. One sister walked out to receive forgiveness, and I shall never forget the struggle and the prayer for God to take away the sin and unbelief, and after one hour of prayer she claimed Jesus as hers. Many others wept in their seats, but would not come to the light. "God bless these dear people and save them," is our prayer.

MOOSE JAW.—Capt. Iverach. We can truly praise God for His goodness to us this past week. It has rejoiced our hearts by seeing precious souls turned from darkness unto His marvellous light, bless His name forever. Sunday morning we had a blessed Knee-drill and Holiness-meeting, the power of God did indeed rest upon us. Our soldiers believe in Holiness and eight of them came out for it and testified to receiving it. We had good meetings in the afternoon and at night, but no one yielded; some were even moved to tears, but went away saying they would get saved in their own way and place. Lord save them is our prayer, before it's ever too late. Amen.

MORDEN.—Capt. Staples. The past week has been one of great trial and yet great blessing to our souls. We have had good meetings, and the power of God rested upon us and the convicting spirit on the sinners, but still none would yield. And we made up our minds that as people got more hardened in their ways of sin that we need and must have more of the Holy Ghost to deal with them. The soldiers are going in for it too. On Sunday as we met for Holiness-meeting God came very near us and we had a real melting time, a time of refreshing to our souls, everybody being melted to tears by the blessed Spirit. Praise God more holy living and reality will win the place for God.

NEEPAWA.—Capt. Will. We feel we must praise the good Lord for His goodness to us here. He has been so near all week, and on Sunday we had proper Hallelujah times, and the devil got showed up in his true colors, as one after another told how glad they were they were no more his servants, as he was such a bad master, and we all rejoiced together and told of our wonderful Saviour, and God backed the truth, and at night one soul, tired of sin, came and grounded his arms of rebellion at the Saviour's feet and received a pardon, full and free.



NOTICE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

All matter for insertion in the WAR CRY should be addressed to the "Editor" Salvation Temple, Toronto. It must be written IN INK, and on one side of the paper only; and in every case must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for insertion, but as evidence of good faith.

N.B.—Written manuscript for printers' use, can be sent by post at the reduced rate of one cent per half ounce, if the ends are exposed and the package marked "PRINTERS' COPY" over the address.

We cannot undertake to return rejected or unsuitable contributions.

MISSING.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*All who find their friends through the "Missing Column" are requested to inform the WAR CRY Office at once. Several notices have been kept standing, and required space has been occupied to the detriment of others through neglect in this matter.*

SARAH HUGHES (or anybody knowing of her whereabouts) who was left by her father, John Hughes, with a gentleman near St. Catharines about 40 years ago, is requested to write to her sister, Mrs. David Logan, Fenelon Falls, Ontario. 25,8,'88.

WM. BURKHOLDER, last heard of at Pork factory, Toronto, Ont., formerly living at Edicliffe, near Toronto. Please communicate with Noah Curtis, Brantford P.O., Ontario. 25,8,'88.

Any information regarding ROBERT CAMPBELL, who left Cow Bay, Cape Breton, about 25 years ago for California gold mines, and when last heard from was working in Arizona mines, will be greatfully received by his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, Nanaimo, B.C. U.S. "Cry" please copy. 25,8,'88.

Will JOHN McLEOD of P. E. Island, who left Westville, N.S., some 15 years ago; lately heard of in Boston, please write to his brother, John McLeod Charlottetown, P.E.I. U.S.A. "Cry" please copy. 25,8,'88.

DUNCAN HUME McNAUGHTON, who left his home in Harrington, Quebec province two years ago last heard of in Ottawa, when about to leave for the States; will you please write to your sister, Mrs. Thomas Marshall, Copleston, Ontario, Canada. U.S.A. "Cry" please copy. 25,8,'88.

ALEX. McDONALD, last heard of in Rocky Mountains, 44 years of age home at Lindsay. His mother, Mrs. Ann McDonald, is anxious to hear from him, her address is at Fenelon Falls, Ont. U.S.A. "Cry" please copy 25,8,'88.

NORMAN McDONALD, last heard of at Pleasant Grove, Uta, U.S.A., 46 years of age. His mother is anxious about him; Her address is Mrs. Ann McDonald, Fenelon Falls, Ont. U.S.A. "Cry" please copy. 25,8,'88.

DAVID GRIFFITHS—Wanted information of David Griffiths of Newport, South Wales, by his brother, James Griffiths. He left Newport on board the British barque "Trident" of London, for Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, on Saturday, April 17th. 1875. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts, will kindly communicate with his brother, James Griffiths, 253 Academy, Street, Newark, N. J., U.S.A. All CRYS please copy. 11,8,'88.

SAMUEL SMITH, fair complexion, about 5 foot 9 in., aged 25. When last heard from, was in Dennison, Crawford County, and talked of going to Nebraska or Australia; his friends are very anxious to hear from him. Should this meet his eye, or anyone knowing anything about him, please address to Box 104, Bathurst, N. B. U.S.A. and Australian "Crys," please copy. 11,8,'88.

Would WM. H. BURKHOLDER, last heard of working in Pork Packing Factory in or near Toronto, or anyone knowing of his whereabouts, please communicate with Noah Curtis, Brantford, Ont. 11,8,'88.

A man named Reid seeks his family left in Toronto fifteen years ago. their names are AGNES, WILLIE, CHARLIE, and ARTHUR. Anybody knowing their whereabouts, or if this should meet their eyes, will they communicate with Capt. Pople, Salvation Temple, Toronto. 11,8,'88.

WESLEY LOUGHEED who left Willmot, Ontario, thirty years ago. Last heard of at Oregon City eleven years ago. He is requested to write to his daughter, or any information respecting him will be thankfully received by Mrs. William Wallace, Mount Forest, Ont. U.S.A. CRY please copy. 28,7,'88.

Will ALICE STEWART, of lot 48, P.E.I., last heard of in Brooklyn, N.Y. in 1860, please write to her sister, Mrs. Patrick Cahill, Mount Edward, Charlottetown Royalty, P.E.I. U.S.A. CRY please copy. 28,7,'88.

ABEL HELPS left the County of Huron, Ontario, about 18 years ago, last heard of in California. Anybody knowing of his whereabouts, will please write to his mother, Elizabeth Helps, Wingham P.O., Canada. California CRY please copy. 28,7,'88.

Will CHARLES PENNICOTT who was last heard of in Iowa County, U.S., write to his brother, Thomas Pennicott; he would be very glad to hear from him. Address Thomas Pennicott, Salvation Army, Brampton, Ont. U.S.A. CRY please copy. 28,7,'88.

THOMAS WELCH left Burin, Newfoundland, 35 years ago, and who was last heard of in Brooklyn, N.Y. is requested to communicate with his sister, Mrs. Mitchell, Burin, Nfld. U.S.A. *War Cry* please copy. 7,7,'88

JOHN McLEOD, a sailor of Lochaline, Morvern, Argyleshire, Scotland, last heard of in Buffalo, N.Y., is requested to write to his sister, Mrs. McMillan, Box 364, Galt, Ontario. U.S.A. *War Cry* please copy. 7,7,'88

Any person knowing the whereabouts of THOMAS DAVID SHELBOURNE, a native of Halifax, N.S., is requested to send his address to Mrs. Mary Shelbourne, Dartmouth, N.S. 7,7,'88

PETERBORO' DIVISION

Dedication of New Barracks

AT KINMOUNT,

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, & MONDAY,

September 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

Great Dedication. Salvation, and Holiness Meetings, Grand Banquet and Jubilee on Monday.

Adjutant Bolton and Divisional Staff.

6TH ANNIVERSARY

— OF THE —

SALVATION ARMY

— IN THE —

Dominion of Canada.

Marvellous Meetings. -:- Waves of Power.

FLOODS OF SALVATION,

— LED BY THE —

COMMISSIONER,

— ASSISTED BY —

COL. DOWDLE AND WIFE

Majors, Divisional Officers, Staff-Captains, Adjutants, and a host of Field Officers and others.

Quebec, - - - -	Wednesday, Thursday - -	August	29, 30
Montreal, - -	Saturday, Sunday, Monday, -	Sept.	1, 2, 3
Ottawa, - - - -	Thursday, Friday, - -	"	6, 7
Kingston, - -	Saturday, Sunday, Monday, -	"	8, 9, 10
Peterboro', - - -	Thursday, Friday, - -	"	13, 14
Toronto, -	Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed.,	Sept.	15, 16, 17, 18, 19
Hamilton, - -	Saturday, Sunday, Monday, -	Sept.	22, 23, 24
Barrie, - - - - - - -	Tuesday, - - - - -	"	25
Palmerston, - - - -	Thursday, - - - - -	"	27
Chatham, - - -	Wednesday, Thursday, -	October	3, 4
London. - -	Saturday, Sunday, Monday, - -	"	6, 7, 8
Woodstock, - - - - - -	Tuesday, - - - - - -	"	9

Special Railway Arrangements.

The Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways have agreed to issue special Salvation Army cheap tickets to all the various centres at the low rate of fifteen cents added to the single fare for the return journey.

☞ ***No Tickets will be issued unless a Certificate*** (which can be obtained from your Captain free) is presented to the Agent when the ticket is purchased.

List of Stations Going to the Various Centres.

TO QUEBEC.

GRAND TRUNK R'Y.	CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y
From Montreal.	From Montreal.
" Richmond.	" Toronto.
" Toronto.	

Tickets will be issued August 28th, 29th, and 30th, good to return any day up to August 31st.

Montreal Tickets, G.T.R., will have the priviledge of staying over for the meeting at Richmond, August 31st, proceeding to Montreal, Sept. 1st.

TO MONTREAL.

GRAND TRUNK R'Y.	CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y
From Quebec.	From Quebec.
" Danville.	" Waterloo.
" Richmond.	" Knowlton.
" Coaticooke.	" Cowansville.
" Sherbrooke.	" Bedford.
" Waterloo.	" Lachute.
" Toronto.	" Toronto.

Tickets will be issued August 31st, Sept. 1st. 2nd, 3rd, good to return up to Sept. 4th. Those travelling on Grand Trunk from Quebec, Coaticooke, Sherbrooke, Danville, will have the privilege of staying over at Richmond for Indian meeting there on August 31st.

TO OTTAWA.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y.	GRAND TRUNK R'Y.
From Brockville.	From Cornwall.
" Prescott.	" Morrisburgh.
" Kemptville.	" Prescott.
" Winchester.	" Brockville.
" Perth.	" Maxville.
" Pembroke.	" Moose Creek.

From Renfrew.
" Almonte.
" Carleton Place.
" Toronto.

Tickets will be issued September, 5th, 6th, and 7th, good to return any day up to Sept. 8th.

NOTICE!

TO OUR TORONTO FRIENDS.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Our Great Anniversary Demonstration to be held in Toronto, September 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th, will necessitate the Officers staying in the City. We shall want sleeping accommodation for about 300, and shall be glad for any friends, who can assist us by entertaining one or more Officers, to communicate with me at once. Please say how many you can take and whether male or female.

Yours faithfully, etc.,

T. B. COOMBS.

Headquarters,
Toronto, Ont.

Officers, Attention!

Sixth Dominion Anniversary.

Officers intending coming to the Great Anniversary Meetings will be granted leave of absence from their stations on the following conditions:—

1st: That they get the permission of their Divisional Officer.

2nd: That they pay their own railway fare.

3rd: That they write to Headquarters at once if they need a billet provided.

4th: That they undertake to attend the Officers' Council and Meetings, and govern themselves by the rules laid down for the meetings.

Now then, Come one, Come all Believing for a good time and a Mighty blessing.

"And their blood will I require at your hand!"

WE ARE IN

Urgent, Pressing Need

— OF —

200 VOLUNTEERS

FOR THE FIELD!

From every hand the cry is coming in, "Send us more help," from all quarters we have the enquiry, when are you coming to our town or village?

It is for the soldiers of the Canadian Wing of the great S. A., to answer those questions, and answer them not only by their prayers and gifts, but with their bodies and their lives. The work is crippled in our Dominion for the lack of sufficient officers, and yet amongst our thousands of soldiers there are hundreds who might step into the breach. We want each comrade to make a personal affair of this call, and to answer before God the reason that keeps them from the front.

People who have anything in a material sense to gain by volunteering are not required.

What is wanted is people who have everything to loose and are willing to forsake all.

The road we offer is strewn with thorns, it means loneliness and friendlessness, and the ill-will of the world and the misunderstanding perhaps of Christian people, but it is

the Christ-path

and the way of sorrows which the Master trod. The Master went forth to seek and to save the lost, are you the

Soldier and Servant

content with home and friends and comforts and self indulgence, when He needs help in the task of bringing the world to Himself? Your Commander died on the altar of consecration, and He says "The servant must be as his Lord."

Comrades, we cannot bear the thought of souls going to hell, and yet we may be positively sure they are going there for want of more whole hearted, daring desperate consecration.

Look at the vast army of poor drunkards rolling, reeling, staggering down into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell!

Comrades Rush Forward and Save Them!

Look at that fearful legion of harlots rushing on down the incline of prostitution to an early grave, to an eternal hell.

Comrades, brothers, sisters, all forward and rescue them.

Comrades, Up and Save!

Souls by legions are rushing on to dark damnation. Consecrated men and women are wanted, with hearts, souls, bodies full of compassion, to live only to save.

Soldiers, millions of our fellowmen and women of all classes and grades of society are going as fast as possible to the blackness and darkness of eternal night.

Consecrated men and women Soldiers are wanted, and must be got, and shall be got, and I believe are at command, to go regardless of position, honor, friends, home, costs, consequences, or what not, to save souls from the yawning gulf of hell.

Reader this is your privilege, for this God saved you, for this He has or will sanctify you. It is for you to face your responsibility in the matter. You're a Salvationist, of all others are your brother's keeper, and God made a Soldier of you, that you might fight wherever and under what circumstances He might choose. Listen to His call ere He turns sadly away to one more worthy of His confidence and more willing to follow Him.

COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

BEWARE

Of a young man who goes by the name of Minty, dressed in Uniform, and who represents himself as a Cadet, just entering the French Work. Give him no quarter (only at the foot of the Cross to get saved), as he is a fraud. Last heard of at Waterdown, in Hamilton Division.

BRASS BAND JOURNAL.

JUST ARRIVED.

No. 65. Containing "Nothing but Thy Blood can save me," "Come, march along!" "Let me hear Thy voice now speaking."

No. 64. Containing "A place in the Army for all," and "Hallelujah."

NOW READY,

SALVATION ARMY NOTEPAPER & ENVELOPES.

A NEW DESIGN—Great improvement on last Stock

PRICE—Only 25c. per box, containing 24 sheets of Notepaper and 25 Square Envelopes.

SUMMER HEAD GEAR.

Selling Off Half Price

Helmets dark blue with Red Army Band, only 75 Cents.

Send along Your Orders at Once.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, 50 cents per annum. Printed with all S. A. publications, at the PERRY PRINTING HOUSE, 12 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, Mrs. Booth, and Addresses and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of THE WAR CRY, which is circulated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the wicked one, and the more confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Printed, with all S. A. publications, at the PERRY PRINTING HOUSE, 12 Albert Street, Toronto Ont.